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MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

With a measure of faith sublime
He stands by a soundless sea,
One foot on the shores of Time,
And one on Eternity.
His span is a vanishing breath,
A measure of trouble and strife;
His life is the shadow of death,
His death the beginning of life.

His heart is the heart of a hare,
His soul is a lion's den,
His breath is a curse or prayer,
His sons are the sons of men.
His thoughts to the stars ascend,
He grovels on filthy earth,
His spirit with heaven blends,
His birth is the muckworm's birth;

A grain from the sliding years,
An atom from vanished space—
His dream is a dream of tears,
His face is a shrouded face.
In life's mysteries he writhes;
His heart is firm-fixed and bold;
He struggles with them, and strives—
Their hold is a deathless hold.

He ponders what God hath wrought,
And, groping, he seeks for light;
His thought is the shadow of thought,
His sight is the shadow of sight.
He tugs at the web in vain,
Unknotting it thread by thread;
His life is a tangled skein,
A snare by the fowler spread.

His heart is unsatisfied,
His skill is a skill unskilled,
His pride is a bondman's pride,
His soul with unrest is filled.
He struggles and seeks and gropes,
And, seeking, he fails to find;
His hopes are but hopeless hopes,
His eyes are the eyes of the blind.

For vainly he longs and seeks,
His will is a changeling's will;
What he speaks the future unspeaks,
What he utters is unsaid still.
A thing half create of dust,
And half of a fire divine;
His trust is a trustless trust,
His soul is the soul of wine.

Oh, what then, my God, is man?
Thy essence, thy form, thy breath!
His life is a spanless span,
His death but the shape of death.
His soul is a spark of fire,
A flame, to be cast abroad;
He dies at its first desire,
And man has become as God.

Then why art thou mindful, God,
Of this form that thy hand hast made?
He is dust of the earth, a clod—
Yet thou makest him afraid!
Thou keepest him here a space,
For a time—an hour or a day—
And then Thou changest his face,
And thou sendest him away.

THE PEASANT'S PROPHECY,
OR THE POWER OF SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

It was a fete-day in Paris. The beautiful city glittered in the sunshine in its robes of white and gold, decked with flowers and flags and streamers. Strains of music filled the air, crashing in resonant notes above the noisy crowds, and anon sobbed and faltered away into silence, only to rest for a fresh outburst. The boulevards were thronged with gay people; for it was a gala day for all, and, with the zest of the true Parisian, they gave up their whole souls to the enjoyment of the moment. As yet the thunders of the Revolution had not re-echoed through the land; but, not far away, in the dim, untraveled future, the road was paving which the feet of the French nobles were doomed to tread, leaving blood at every onward track. But for the time all discontent was banished, and, gay and insouciant, the people laughed and sang and danced away.

In a magnificent apartment in the royal palace knights and nobles and fair ladies in glittering array were assembled in the presence of the King, laughing and chatting merrily, as privileged subjects, while through the open windows the sounds of revelry fell upon their ears, and from the armed sentinels below, refined tones of the nobles. Louis smiled.

"The voice of France must be heard," he remarked carelessly, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, to a courtier who stood at his side.

"One hardly fancies their brazen notes, sire," replied the noble, a tall young man, with, keen dark eyes, and a face of remarkable beauty. "The people should be restrained: too much license promotes —" He paused as the King darted at him a quick glance, half anger, half inquiry. "A thousand pardons," apologized the young man hastily. "It would ill become an humble courtier like Paul De Beauvoir to speak in tones of advice to his gracious sovereign; but, sire, I believe—think you not that your majesty is too lenient with the common people—the populace?"

Loving his King devotedly, Count De Beauvoir would fain have conveyed to his ear a hint of the storm already brewing in their midst, unsuspected by the careless monarch. But Louis Sixteenth was proverbial for his indifference and faith in his own power and greatness. He smiled carelessly, and deigned no reply.

At that instant the sound of a voice floated in at the open window, and rose high and clear, and soared like a lark far above the shouts and jests of the multitude. It was a woman's voice, singing some gay, senseless chanson of the public. It was a marvelous voice, full of sweetness, power and pathos—a voice which one hears but once in a lifetime. Louis Sixteenth turned to the window near him.

"Bon Dieu!" he cried with animation. "What voice is that?"

"It is wonderful," cried Count De Beauvoir, who also listening, with bated breath, while the ladies and nobles gathered at the window, and all eyes were directed to the courtyard below. It was a scene for a painter. The gay crowds had fallen back in awe and respectful silence, leaving space in their midst for two persons, standing together apart from the rest, as though an invisible cordon had been drawn around the square of white marble upon which they stood. Two women—one elderly, tall, dark, with glowing olive skin, eyes like still, dark pools, coils of shining raven hair slightly streaked with gray, wound round and round the queenly head, and interspersed with strings of oriental silver coins. Though in peasant's attire, there was a look on her face which betokened education, refinement—something more. In her coarse robes of faded purple, she looked like some deposed queen. At her side stood a young girl—a mere child—slender, supple, graceful, clad in short, amber skirts, with a fantastic tunic of pale blue. Her face was turned towards the group at the window, her hands were folded plaintively together, her eyes were downcast as she sang. It was a beautiful face—beautiful exceedingly—"a face like the dream of one's youth." A low murmur of admiration ran through the royal party. The King beckoned to a page who stood near.

"Go below," commanded Louis, "and bring hither yon singer and her companion!"

With a low obeisance the page withdrew, and, descending the grand staircase of the palace, approached the two women.

"Mademoiselle," he said deferentially, respectfully saluting the singer, "his majesty the King commands your presence in the palace."

The beautiful face of the girl flushed crimson.

"For what cause?" she cried, clasping her hands in agitation. "What have I done?"

"Nothing, I am sure, fair lady; but his majesty desires your attendance at once!"

Somewhat reassured, the little street-singer turned to her companion:

"Mother Favard," she said hurriedly, "we are to go at once into the presence of the King. What think you it means?"

"I cannot tell!"

Into the eyes of the elder woman there crept a far-away, abstracted look; she seemed reading some prophetic tablet of the future, for this woman was looked upon by all her class as one gifted with second-sight and "the gift of prophecy."

"It is well!" she said at length. "Mayhap the time has come to speak—to speak—but the heart of the careless monarch, I fear me, will never heed. Lead the way, young man!" she added, turning to the page. Her words were commanding, and the face of the young man flushed; but he doffed his plumed hat, and silently conducted them into the palace.

With pale face, trembling limbs, and loudly beating heart the young girl followed the page into the royal presence. Faint, and overcome by emotion, she entered the audience-chamber and fell at the feet of the King. Silence reigned throughout the apartment; all eyes were bent upon the beautiful, childish form, kneeling devoutly as though at a shrine, her small hands closely locked together, her large, violet eyes raised timidly to the face of the monarch, and her shining waves of golden hair, loosened from the little white cap, falling down in showers of gold and rippling over her slender form. The curves and lines of the white, oval face were absolutely perfect; the dimpled chin, the rosy mouth, the snowy throat, and the turn of the haughty little head—it was difficult to believe that this rare beauty, this exquisite singing-bird, was but a child of the populace, a daughter of the canaille. It was a fair scene as she knelt there speechless. The beams of the golden sun streamed in and bathed the bowed head with a flood of glory, and touched the form of Favard as she stood proudly erect behind the kneeling figure, her hard face stern and unsoftened, her firm mouth closed resolutely, and the ghost of a smile that looked like disdain trembling around her thin, red lips.

King Louis cast a glance of indifference at the tall figure in its robes of faded purple; then a change crossed his face, his brows knitted, and he seemed uneasy, as though her searching, steady gaze oppressed him.

"Who are you?" he inquired, glancing keenly at the woman. She returned the look unflinchingly.

"I am Mother Favard, your majesty," she answered simply.

"And this girl?" queried the King, motioning the singer to arise.

"She is Celeste, my foster-daughter, your majesty!" replied Mother Favard. A pause followed, then the old peasant turned to the King with a dignity and quiet vehemence which startled those present. "I had a brother once," she began softly, "an only brother." Her eyes flashed, and her voice gathered fire and passion as she went on, unmindful of the royal presence. "He was a musician, a great genius, and he had the heritage of the people—poverty! While yet a mere boy he married a slender and delicate girl, who pined away and died within a year, leaving this child, an infant but a few weeks old. My brother's soul was in his music, bathed in floods of gore, while the red-capped mob danced around it, and shouted and execrated and sang of that liberty which they no more understood or appreciated than any savage wild beasts of the forest.

It was while the Reign of Terror was supreme in Paris that Jean Brisot, a low wine-seller, and one of the leaders of the mob, visited Celeste in her luxurious suite of apartments, where she dwelt with Mother Favard, and, reminding the singer that, as a favorite of the King, her life was not worth a sou, offered her pardon and protection on one condition—that she became his wife! Overwhelmed with horror and disgust, Celeste, unable to frame a suitable reply, could only point to the door of the room, and, as the ruffian still lingered, she summoned a servant and ordered his expulsion. Then the brute became a demon. His ugly face grew livid with passion, he shook his huge fist in the face of the young girl, and swore a terrible oath that he would be revenged.

When he was gone, Celeste hurriedly gathered together all the money and jewels in her possession, and secured them upon her person. Then, after the shades of night had fallen over all things, accompanied by Mother Favard, she left the place by a secret gate, and fled to the outskirts of the city. Here, among tumble-down tenements, the two women found shelter, and lay concealed.

One evening, just as twilight was touching the earth with its gentle shadows, worn out with long confinement, they stole forth into the little courtyard behind the old tenements for a breath of air. Up and down the narrow court they paced stealthily, for they were in constant dread of detection. There was a rustle in the bushes just outside the yard, and in the dim twilight the figure of a man was seen standing outside the stone wall which inclosed the courtyard. With a low cry of terror Celeste caught Mother Favard by the arm, and pointed in the direction of the figure. With an exclamation of triumph, the man cleared the wall at a single bound, and, springing through the shrubbery and tangled undergrowth, flew towards the singer, and, catching her hands in his, fell at her feet. Speechless with surprise and terror, Celeste bent her eyes upon the face upturned to hers. He wore the common working-clothes and linen blouse of the artisan, his skin was rough and brown, his beard long and unkempt, but her heart told her truly it was Paul De Beauvoir!

"Celeste!" cried the nobleman, "I have found you at last!"

"You sought me?" she queried timidly. She was ever timid in his presence.

"Everywhere! O my darling! my darling!" he cried, winding his arms about her slender form, "I have loved you always—ever since that day when you first sang in the palace. You care for me, Celeste?"

There was no need of words. Her eyes, and the trembling of her form and the quivering lips told the young man all. The distance between them was forgotten at last, for true love knows no rank.

"The King!" cried the young girl, after the first joy of the meeting was over—"what of him?"

Count De Beauvoir turned away.

"Alas! he is no more! The Queen, too—the red ribbon is around her neck, O Celeste!—all—all are gone! The mob are in pursuit of me now, and I—I fled hither, directed, as I firmly believe, by that Providence who will not desert us in our hour of need, and who will be our guide even unto death. But hush! what noise is that?"

They paused and listened. Mother Favard was the first to speak.

"They are coming!" she whispered. "They seek you here!"

She fell upon her knees in supplication. Count De Beauvoir stood erect and manly, with his arms still encircling the form of Celeste, while in the distance, nearer and nearer, the steady tramp of armed men was heard. There were shouts and cries. They poured through the old tenement, ransacking and destroying the little it contained, and ended by applying a torch to the building.

"We will smoke them out, like rats in a hole!" cried the leader, and a great shudder passed through the form of Celeste as she saw by the lurid blaze that it was Jean Brisot. She knew then that there was no mercy for them!"

In groups and squads of a dozen or more the mob rushed into the courtyard. Count De Beauvoir, with the two women, turned to the garden-wall; but a row of bristling bayonets, and a line of dark, scowling faces beyond, told them that the wall outside was guarded, and they were lost!

Then Brisot approached Celeste.

"I think," he said, with an ugly grin distorting his face, "that I said I should have vengeance! Did I not? Well, Jean Brisot always keeps his word. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing to such vermin as you!" answered the dauntless girl. "I am ready to die, and I could not suffer in a more glorious cause than that of my loved and persecuted country, poor, murdered France!"

A howl of execration burst from the rabble. They rushed towards the girl, who stood at her lover's side, her face white, set, and determined, her matchless eyes blazing like fire. But their leader's hand restrained them; he motioned them back, and, for a wonder, they obeyed.

"Hark ye!" cried the wretch, leering hideously at Celeste. "Do you, then, suppose that I intend to *kill* you? Ah, bah! You'll pray for death as for a boon many a time before it is granted you! No, no; you are too dainty a singing-bird to fly away to heaven just yet; you shall sing for a while first in the cage of Jean Brisot!"

"Monster!"

The girl raised one small hand, and ere the villain could comprehend her intention struck him full across the hateful mouth which had uttered the foul insinuation. No longer able to restrain himself, Count De Beauvoir rushed forward. A wild yell broke from the mob as the graceful form of the young noble appeared in full view. They surrounded him, and bound him to a wooden post which stood in front of a ruinous old stable. Now, this stable had escaped the fate of the other building, because within its walls Jean Brisot had placed the horse which he had ridden in his capacity of commander from the city, and, fearing punishment from his hands, the reckless mob had been deterred from burning it with the rest. An impression crossed Celeste's heart that the old stable was destined to become her lover's funeral pyre.

One of the death-carts was standing without the inclosure. The mob, with shouts and execrations, drew it forcibly inside the courtyard, and Celeste was placed within. Poor old Mother Favard, thinking that they would separate her from her child, prepared to follow; but at a word from the leader her head was stricken from her body, and the ghastly spectacle of the headless trunk borne away by the hooting, yelling demons. Celeste lost consciousness. When she opened her eyes she was standing in her death-cart, surrounded by the mob; near by, her lover still bound to the post, with his face, white, set, and agonized, turned upon her own. Somebody had placed a red cap upon her head, and in her long, white robes, with all her pale, gold hair afloat, she looked like an angel-visitant come to force the madmen to pause in their bloody work, and turn backward the tide of death.

"Sing!" cried a voice from amid the crowd. "Yes, yes! she shall sing!" repeated the mob, and the cry arose and became a yell and a clamor.

"She *shall* sing!" added Jean Brisot determinedly, "and she shall sing the "Ca Ira." You hear, citoyenne?"

"I hear you."

If there was revolt in the mind of the girl, she changed her intention as her eyes met those of Paul De Beauvoir, which seemed to entreat obedience. Then there was a lull in the storm below, and she lifted up her voice and sang—sang the "Ca Ira"—to the horde of demons and murderers; while outside, on the stones of the street—a mangled, frightful mass—lay the body of the old woman who had been to her mother, friend, all! Yet she sang, but there was in her voice such a settled scorn, and in her eyes such a slow, steady fire of rebuke, that the mob turned away sullenly, and grew uneasy beneath her unflinching gaze.

Suddenly she changed the air into one of the gay, rollicking chansons of the people, and, flattered and delighted, the mob applauded loudly. But while she sang she clasped her hands upon her breast, to assure herself that the knife which she had long carried there was safe; and, grasping its handle by degrees, she cautiously drew it forth, singing all the time to the horrible crowd below. At last she had the knife secure and hidden in the folds of her robe. Then, turning to Jean Brisot, she complained of fatigue, and requested the privilege of rest. Flattered by her unexpected obedience, Brisot assented to her wish, and she was assisted to descend from the bloody death-cart. Now was her time! As she passed the prisoner, still bound to the wooden-post, she contrived to thrust the knife into his hand. Amid the wild crowd, and under cover of the smoky darkness which arose from the dying glare of the burning tenement, it was no difficult matter. And so she was dragged away from the dreadful spot and locked up within a prison's walls.

The next evening she was sent for to sing to the people. Following her conductor, she sic. Night and day he toiled in his miserable attic—toiled over the verses which he wrote and made into songs. But while he made the songs he made no bread, and the public scorned him, and would not hearken to his music because he was poor. How could a man write immortal verses with his coat out at the elbows? And so one morning we found him there alone, and cold and dead. Then they put him under the sod, and the violin, from which he had drawn such strains that the angels might pause to listen, was taken for his rent, and his songs were burned because the place was too crowded, and there was no room for them, and I carried the child away, and the old attic was let to some other miserables; and so that was the end. Ah! what matters life, since *that* is fame? The world should have been at his feet, for he was sublime in his genius. But, bah! what is genius without gold? A bird without a cage, a picture without a frame. The painting may be wrought with the pencil of a Veronese or a Guido; but without a golden setting it drops into the dust of obscurity, in some dark and silent corner, and is gnawed by the rats, and so passes away unknown. And the gleeful bird may sing as the angels do in heaven; but without a gilded cage, within which it is confined, to pour forth its deathless notes upon the ears of the listening multitude, it soars away into space, and yet a little while and the world forgets that it ever sang—even as in your gay world of rank and fashion, your musicians, your poets, your actors, are remembered only while they are in your midst, and have gold and power and possessions. You 'fling flowers before them and throw stones after them;' and when they disappear from behind the blazing foodlights you scarce remember their very names, and in a little while the memory of them is forgotten."

Celeste pulled deprecatingly at the old woman's skirts. There was consternation in the girl's sweet face, but Mother Favard seemed not to observe her. Her large, dark eyes, as yet undimmed by age, were gazing straight before her into space, her hands were folded upon her breast, her form seemed to expand and grow more erect. She looked like a figure of Cassandra. The royal party, surprised and impressed by the remarkable demeanor and language of the woman, remained quiet, and Mlre Favard continued:

"Louis Sixteenth, King of France!" she cried with energy, her eyes dilating as though they saw before them some prophetic vision, "careless and indifferent monarch! I see your future spread out as on a written page. Shall I read the chapter for your warning? Or will you cast me from your royal presence and punish my boldness, which has only your good at heart? Deal with me as you see fit, your majesty, for I am but a peasant-woman, and you—are King of France!"

Louis smiled indifferently.

"Go on!" he said carelessly. Then, turning to De Beauvoir, whose eyes were riveted on the fateful face of Celeste, he added: "It's as good as a play! We are well pleased to listen to the words of the prophetess. Proceed!"

Mother Favard's face was stern and pale.

"I see your future, King of France!" she cried, her voice pealing like a deep-toned bell through the large apartment, "and the fate in reserve for you I shudder to portray. I seem to see, as in a dream, a crowd of shouting people—hooting, jeering, reviling. *You* are in their midst, and they are your subjects—the French populace. They are dragging you onward; you resist. They force you onward still, and I see you no more. Then ——" she paused abruptly and hid her face in her hands, as though to hide some awful sight.

"Well," demanded the monarch impatiently, though his face was somewhat paler than its wont, "what then?"

"Then," continued Mother Favard slowly and impressively, "I see a headless body tossed to the four winds of heaven, and a gory head borne aloft upon a bloody pike amid the jeers and insults and execrations of the French people; and that dreadful and ghastly head is that of their sovereign, the King of France. Your own head, Louis Sixteenth!"

An awful silence fell upon all assembled in the palace-chamber as the old woman concluded. The King's face was deadly pale, and he trembled violently, but he forced a smile to his pallid lips.

"Fear not, my good woman," he said calmly; "I will not harm you! Your vision amuses me!"

"Be warned, your majesty, I entreat," said the old woman in a low tone, with a furtive glance around. "The people are in league against you. I am of the people, and should not betray them; but my heart shrinks from the shedding of innocent blood. Be merciful to them, your majesty, for they are misled by demagogues, who will use them as stepping-stones to their own advancement."

The King smiled graciously.

"Rest easy, good mother! We will examine into this matter at some future time. At present we prefer to listen to yonder song-bird. Come hither, my child," added Louis kindly, addressing the trembling Celeste. Advancing fearfully, her sweet face downcast, her large, sad eyes suffused with tears, she obeyed the monarch's summons and drew nearer to his side. "Sing!" The quick, imperious order was not to be disregarded. She grew pale as death and trembled like an aspen; then the genius of the father strengthened the soul of the daughter, and, falling upon one knee before the King, her magnificent contralto voice filled the wide apartment as she poured forth her soul in song.

The royal party sat as if enchanted. The courtiers drew nearer the slight form kneeling on the marble floor, not a whisper was heard to mar the effect, not even the flutter of a fan disturbed the quiet which fell upon all, as that marvelous voice pealed upon the air. Only, afar off, came the hum of the distant populace, shouting and merry-making. Years afterwards there was one among the courtiers around the King to whom that scene came back in anguish of soul, when, standing face to face with death, he heard that voice again. When the song was ended, Celeste arose to her feet. The Queen and many of the ladies were affected to tears, and there was a suspicious moisture in the merry eyes of the good-natured monarch himself. He extended one hand to the singer, and as she stooped to kiss it he said gently:

"You have a wonderful gift, my child, and you deserve our patronage. You shall come to sing for us in the palace every day; and, in the meantime, you shall have the best masters in the land. De Beauvoir, I commit to your discretion the procuring of suitable instructors for this girl. Attend to it at once!"

"I will, your majesty."

Count De Beauvoir turned his large, dark eyes full upon the young girl. She gazed into his handsome face—one long, earnest look—then, trembling, turned away. How could she thank the kind monarch, who had given her for her future all that heart could desire—fame, and the wealth that follows in its wake? Ah, if human hearts required no more!

For a revelation had come to the girl. Something had entered her heart which had never been there before. Quick as the flashing lightning the truth struck home to her understanding, and she knew her doom—knew that she loved Count De Beauvoir—she, the poor peasant-girl, the child of a nameless musician. Better far to have remained in obscurity than to dare lift her plebeian eyes to the face of the haughty noble.

After that Celeste came every day to sing in the palace, and the remainder of her time was passed in earnest and diligent study under the instruction of the best masters in Paris. In two years she had finished her musical education, and then made her debut—such a debut as Paris had never before witnessed. Her fame grew, and spread throughout all Europe. She became the favorite of the age; the world was at her feet. The debt which the nation owed the father was paid in full to the daughter. But from all the many lovers who sought her and worshiped at her shrine she turned coldly away, for there rankled in her heart the sting of a never-dying memory—the memory of Paul De Beauvoir; and, while that memory lived, hopeless as she felt her love to be, how could she become the wife of another?

In the meantime the months rolled by. The air grew full of mutters of discontent from the fickle populace, threats of vengeance against the King for real or imaginary wrongs, closer banding together of the people; then one day the thunder, which had been so long gathering, burst forth with a prodigious roar, and the horrors of the French Revolution had begun. It was then that the careless heart of Louis Sixteenth remembered the warning words of Mother Favard, and bowed in agony over the knowledge of what his criminal indifference had brought to the nation. But it was too late now—no looking back—so the work of desolation went on.

The dreadful orgies of death grew wilder. The terrible thirst for blood seemed destined never to be quenched. Day after day the black carts rolled up to the guillotine, laden with the first and best and noblest of the land, and returned empty. The guillotine found them gathered about a huge scaffold, upon which she was placed. Again she was crowned by the hateful red cap, and again her voice arose loud, full and clear in the words of the "Ca Ira."

As the last notes died tremulously away, her eyes caught a glance from those of an old man amid the mob—a white-haired, wrinkled old man, who sang and shouted and applauded with the rest. She clutches at her heart convulsively. Surely she could not be deceived? It was he, Count De Beauvoir, amid the rabble, who, discovering the truth, would turn and rend him in pieces. She shuddered, and would have fallen; but, as ever, her indomitable spirit supported her, and she grew brave and calm, and all her presence of mind returned.

Just then Jean Brisot rushed upon the scaffold, where she was standing. His face was livid, his eyes like a demon's.

"Ten thousand furies!" shrieked the wretch, "he has escaped! After him, after him! He cannot have gone far!"

With wild shouts, the mob turned, rushing in the direction of the prison where Count De Beauvoir had been confined, forgetting in their fickleness the singer, standing alone, with none but Brisot himself at her side. At that moment Jean Brisot received a blow on the head which knocked him senseless, and he fell from the scaffold to the ground below. Then an arm was placed around the waist of Celeste, and she was dragged hurriedly away. On, on flew her captor with his light burden, groping amid back lanes and alleys, pausing at last at the ruins of the old tenement, yet smoking in the evening gloom. Here she was released, and here she listened to her lover's story.

The knife which Celeste had given Count De Beauvoir had served to release him, and by wounding his guard he had managed to escape. This was not so impossible as it might seem; because the mob, in its pursuit of blood and spoils, had left the prison poorly guarded. Under cover of the night, he had found his way to his own dismantled house, and, entering by a private door, had hastily donned the disguise of an old peasant, and, thus arrayed, had mingled with the crowd, and had sought the place where report said that Celeste was to sing to the people, trusting to some interposition of Providence to throw her in his way. He had borne her from the scaffold to this spot, remembering, with a thrill of hope, the horse that Jean Brisot had left in the ruined stable. It was still there, forgotten by its master.

Late that night a horse ridden by two persons left Paris at full gallop, and with the speed of the wind dashed on. There was a cloud of dust, and they were gone forever. Their faces were turned towards America—the land of the exile and the homeless and the persecuted.

Such is the story told to her American descendants—gathered around her in wondering awe and admiration—by a hale old lady with a face of angelic loveliness and a crown of snowy hair. By her side is an aged man, who turns ever and anon to gaze tenderly into her pathetic face as she repeats the dreadful story of their persecution and escape. Although in democratic America they no longer bear titles, yet they are the Count and Countess De Beauvoir.

MISS LIZZIE WILLMORE, Burlesque Actress: Died May 25, 1877.
SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

THE HIGHEST PRAISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Others, perhaps, may have told you,
In words more honeyed than rhyme,
That a fault in you is a virtue,
And every virtue sublime.

Others have called you an angel,
Wanting in naught but a wing,
And likened you unto a seraph,
Or some such intangible thing.

And others, again,
have endeavored
To make you believe it is true—
That you ought to have been a fairy,
And lived on the roses and dew.

But for me, my uttermost praise is—
And I praise without going too far—
I think you beautiful simply
Because you are what you are!

I care not a straw for an angel,
A seraph, a sylph or an elf;
But I deem it as praise quite sufficient
To say that you are your sweet self!

V. H.

STAGE-MISHAPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

The importance to a play of well-ordered and well-managed accessories is admitted by those who best understand the subject. Not alone is it necessary that the actors should have thoroughly mastered their parts, but the greatest care must be bestowed upon the minor details surrounding them. Otherwise, a single flaw or imperfection in the adjuncts is apt to destroy in the mind of the spectator the impression of the most perfect acting, and not unfrequently to convert the heroic into the ludicrous. Indeed, it may be asserted that in no other situation is the saying about the close connection of the sublime and the ridiculous more capable of illustration than on the stage, as there are few more situations liable to accident or misadventure calculated to produce this effect. As examples, I can recall several instances which have come under my own observation or that of my friends.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Mowatt was playing in one of her favorite characters, she turned, and with a bewitching smile presented a small basket of flowers to her lover. The basket had been hastily or carelessly packed with some green market-stuff as a basis for the surface-layer of flowers, and in the act of transferring it some roses caught in the light tissue of her dress and fell out, dragging with them an unmistakably large *cabbage-leaf*. Thenceforth the beauty and the pathos of the act were lost upon the audience, who could see only the unromantic vegetable lying at the feet of the fair performer.

Some twenty or more years ago, in Richmond, Va., Miss —— was playing Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." With clasped hands, uplifted eyes, and tender, impassioned utterance, she was in the act of saying to the unrecognized Claude:

"Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his; that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers,"

when suddenly from behind the scenes rolled an immense watermelon. Slowly and deliberately bowling across the stage, it struck the actress' feet, causing her to start and hastily move aside, then disappeared in the orchestra. Pauline recovered her presence of mind, and with only some slight faltering proceeded with her tender speech, to which the heartless Claude listened with most unsentimental signs of amusement, which he strove in vain to conceal behind the chapeau which he held in his hand.

About the time of this occurrence "The Castles of the Seven Passions" had a great run in the same city of Richmond. One night, while preparing for the sudden transformation-scene from hut to palace, the slat-partition gave way, and a man in shirt-sleeves was unceremoniously precipitated into the presence of the lovers and of the audience. On another occasion, not long after, during the performance of "Mazeppa," a pile of rocks fell, revealing a man (one of the scene-shifters) snatching a hurried refreshment of a bread-and-cheese sandwich and a glass of beer.

A friend of mine attended a play wherein a fearful tempest was symbolized by lightnings from above and peals of thunder, while in the distance a ship was seen tossed upon the sea. The thunder was produced partly by means of a wheelbarrow containing cannon-balls, trundled briskly at intervals up and down a sloping plank crossed with wooden bars. Unfortunately the barrow tripped and was overturned, and the balls performed a lively race across the stage, while the actors hopped and skipped about, and the musicians, though mostly fat Germans, exhibited some remarkable feats of agility in avoiding the unexpected hailstorm. To add to the absurdity of the spectacle, the ship had all this time remained perfectly still and becalmed in the midst of a raging sea; and now a meteor fell suddenly from heaven, snapping and fizzing in a manner to greatly astonish and perplex philosophers. The actors, making no pretence of philosophy, rushed off the stage, whilst the manager himself rushed on it, armed with a broom, before which the mysterious meteor or aerolyte disappeared.

Many who read this will remember the beautiful Celeste, and how like a veritable angel she appeared in ascending on seraph-wings into the mysterious regions beyond the stage. It was my fortune to see her thus ascending, waving a graceful, parting adieu to the adoring mortals below, when, lo! a rope fell from heaven, and sheared off one of the glittering pinions of the seraph.

I have heard a venerable relative of mine tell how, in 1811 or 1812, a then famous actor was one night playing Macbeth in Norfolk, Va., when a tame monkey, by some means, got on the stage and concealed himself behind some drapery. Here he remained till the combat with Macduff, when he flew out, darted about the stage, and jumped up and down, chattering in the greatest terror and distress. The fighting heroes could with difficulty preserve their gravity, and some of the audience yelled with laughter.

I have witnessed in public exhibitions accidents as amusing as any that I have witnessed on the stage. Of this character was the upsetting of the boat in which the Lady of Shalotte, lying waxen-pale upon her flowery bier, was being borne "down to towered Camelott." The indignation of the suddenly revived corpse was most ludicrous to behold. Again, at the long-time-ago "Eruption of Vesuvius," the fearful mountain in the distance suddenly sank down, and the head of a monstrous, red-faced and begrimed giant was for an instant visible protruding from the smoking crater.

Some of Rosser's most magnificent paintings of Adam and Eve (by-the-bye, what has become of them?) were on exhibition through the South, my enjoyment of them was once very materially interfered with by overhearing a sharp dispute between a colored lady and gentleman behind me as to whether that famous apple was a "snowhead" or an "Albemarle pippin." Also, the lady insisted that she saw "lettuces growing under the apple-tree," to which her lord responded by inquiring in great distrust "whether she didn't know that it was only after the fall that Adam took to raisin' garden-truck."

But the scene of all others which caused me the most intense amusement (I was only sixteen at the time) was during the famous traveling exhibition of "The Burning of Moscow." The scene opened beautifully—night, in the great city—lights gleaming and moving here and there, the moon slowly rising, gilding tower and mosque-like pinnacle; then a lurid blaze of fire shooting up into the dark-blue sky, towers falling, the doomed city in flames, the van of the French army crossing the great bridge in its retreat. At length the climax of interest was reached when it was announced that Napoleon and his staff were in sight. On they came over the majestic bridge—the great Emperor on his snow-white horse—slow, dignified, majestic. Suddenly the horse reared on his hind-legs, stood a moment trembling, then made several hops and jumps forward. Then he planted his fore-feet firmly, and lifted his heels in the air, his rider lying flat on his neck. No one noticed them. The long train of tall grenadiers and white baggage-wagons marched stolidly past their great commander. Presently the horse again started on his hind-legs, progressing in spasmodic leaps, whilst the great Emperor lay serenely back on the crupper, with his heels high in air. By this time his staff seemed to become conscious of the extraordinary situation. There was an abrupt pause—a sensation—a trembling commotion; and I saw a long stick or staff projected from the end of the bridge—a contrivance of the enemy, doubtless—which struck down the white war-horse into a more natural position, and then, with repeated blows on the majestic back of the great Napoleon, drove that conquering hero forward across the bridge. But evidently this indignity had aroused his heroic spirit, for he now betrayed symptoms of intense rage. He charged at his staff, laid them right and left, then, pushing through them, conscious of victory, again lay serenely on his back, with his feet in air, and so finally disappeared over the bridge of Moscow.

THE SPEAKING TELEPHONE.

Prof. Bell's apparatus for transmitting speech is thus described by that gentleman in a lecture delivered in this city: Becoming satisfied that the only thing necessary to transmit speech was to set the air in motion at the receiving end in a manner similar to that produced by the vocal organs, he began experimenting on a human ear taken from a dead subject. He fixed the ear on the top of a stand, across the underpart of which a piece of smoked glass was run rapidly on rollers. To the small bones of the ear he attached a wisp of hay long enough to touch the surface of the glass. Then he pronounced vowels and consonants and other sounds separately into the ear, and found that the wisp of hay traced a different series of marks on the glass for each, showing that the vibrations caused by each pronunciation were peculiar to itself. The experimenter made an artificial ear consisting of a box covered at one end with gold-beaters' skin, against which rested an iron arm (to imitate the bones). This was his second apparatus, the first being the complicated harp of steel bars attached to a permanent magnet, and poised above and below an electrical magnet. At the Centennial Exhibition had been exhibited a modification of the artificial-ear apparatus, the heavy iron arm being replaced by a small piece of steel glued to the centre of the gold-beaters' skin. The receiver had an iron side instead of the skin, experiments having proved that, while the little piece of steel was sufficient to transmit, the sounds proceeding from its duplicate were too inaudible to be of practical utility. Subsequently the Professor ascertained that the receiver was also a good transmitter, and the gold-beaters' skin was discarded altogether. Experiments have shown that a disk of iron, as much as two feet in width and one-quarter of an inch thick, can be rendered effectively vibratory. Finally, the present form of telephone was adopted after the series of experiments before described. This consists simply of a permanent magnet and a vibratory iron disk, without battery or electric magnet. Its principle is this: The vibration of the air caused by the human voice in proximity to the disk causes the disk to vibrate—that is, to approach or recede from the permanent magnet. When it approaches, a current of positive electricity is formed, which passes through the wire and draws to the magnet in the receiver the corresponding disk there. When it recedes, the current is a negative one, and the disk of the receiver is repulsed. Corresponding vibrations of the receiver's disk are, consequently, caused, which set in motion the surrounding air exactly as it was done by the human voice at the transmitting end, thereby reproducing the sounds as they were originally pronounced.

There is no reason, said Prof. Bell in concluding, why a telephonic line should not be successively operated between this country and Europe. The longest working-line yet tested was 258 miles, and that worked satisfactorily; but the Professor tried a set of the largest "resistance coils"—wires wound in a box—equivalent to between 3,000 and 4,000 miles of line, and conveyed through them very well. The human body offers an enormous resistance to electricity. Twelve men that the Professor tried varied from 800 to several thousands, the average being very great. Four weeks ago, in Yale College, sixteen men joined hands, and it was found that a conversation could be carried on through them with the utmost ease. The resistance they presented was greater than that of many Atlantic cables. There are other hindrances than resistance, however, to be yet overcome. Still, the telephone, by reason of its undulatory current, has a better chance of success than the telegraph had, depending as it did and does on an intermittent current, and Prof. Bell looks forward with great anxiety to the time in the near future when he will be able to talk at will with his friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

PEDANTRY is properly the overrating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to, and if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself the pedantry is the greater.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

T. R., Troy.—"Should a ball batted by a batsman strike the ground in front of the home-base, or on fair ground and bound back on foul ground; and should it be taken on the first bound by the catcher—say while he (the catcher) was standing on the line—would it be out? The rule says such balls as roll outside the line before passing first or third base are foul balls, but does not say if they are out when caught on first bounce, same as regular fouls."..... The rule states "without first touching the person or the fielder." That settles it. No bound-catch can be made unless the ball is regularly foul. The exceptions only touch the hits made, not the catches.

W. M. C., Cleveland.—"There is a man on first, second and third bases. The man at the bat hits a fair ball, which the short-stop holds on the line between second and third bases. The base-runner stops, and then the short-stop throws the ball to second without touching the runner near him, and second-baseman holds the ball on runner from first before he touched the base. How many men out? I claim two out, and the contesting club claimed but one out. The umpire decided two out." 2. Are ten men in the field a legal team in a game?".....1. There was only one player put out, and that one was forced out at second base. 2. No; nine is the legal number.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"Bases full: man at the bat, who strikes three times for nix; catcher allows the ball to strike the balls in his hands, from which it falls, rolling to the ground almost instantly; he then picks it up, and, touching home-base with his foot, he throws the ball to third, from where it went to second umpire. Is there three out. The other club object. Was not the umpire right in his decision?".....1. The decision was correct. 2. Powers played with the Flyaways of New York, and Spencer with a Brooklyn club. Goldsmith is an A No. 1 pitcher, but not quite up to Bradley's mark.

UMPIRE, Milburn.—"At a game of baseball played here, the striker knocked a ball to the pitcher. The pitcher stepped it, and ran ahead of the striker between home-plate and first-base, the ball in his hand. The ball did not go to first base, nor was the striker touched by the ball. The pitcher returned to his position, carrying the ball with him. The striker ran to the first base. Umpire decided not out. Was decision right?".....The decision was correct. We do not know where such an idea originated as a striker being put out in such a way.

J. E. H., Hoboken.—"A base-runner tries to steal a base. He slides on the ground, and forces the base from one of its fastening, and is touched by the baseman for not being on the bag. Didn't the umpire erroneously interpret the rules in declaring the runner as not being out?" 2. Should the ball have declared the runner out. The bag is the base, not the part to which it is, or should be, fastened.

OLD COIN, Boston.—Obverse, a sun rising from behind hills, and plow in the foreground. Legend—*Vermontensium Res Publica*, 1786. Reverse, a radiated eye surrounded by thirteen stars. Legend—*Quarta Decima Stella*. These were the first one cent coins known to have been coined in America. Others had long before been coined elsewhere for America.

L. J. C., Washington.—"One man strikes and makes his first base, second striker strikes out, third striker makes first base, and first striker goes to second base; fourth striker is caught out on fly ball, and first striker, who had started to third base, is put out in returning to second base. In the next inning, does not the man whose name follows third striker first?".....Yes.

F. F., Bloomington.—1. New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, California and some other States, we believe, have laws against professional players under the age of 16 years playing public. 2 They could command no salary until they had made some reputation. 3. Cannot say what parties claim to be champion bar-performers. There are none entitled to such a name.

F. W. K., Eaton Rapids.—The action of the judges was right. It appears to have been solely the fault of your driver, who did not come up with the other seven contending horses, but drove your horse in an opposite direction. After the judges have once given the word, there can be no recall.

REX.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Tony Hart was born July 25, 1855. 4. It was Mr. Fields who was absent on account of his father's death. 5. Not necessarily. Names are used in that way when some performer consents to act a small part, and does not desire to have his own name appear in the bill.

WILLOW, Portland.—T. B. means times at the bat. One player in a match may go five times to the bat to another player's three times in the same inning. It will be seen, therefore, that an average of base-hits on times at the bat is the only correct one, and not an average based on games played.

UIR, San Francisco.—1. A native of England, we believe. 2. He died a couple of years ago, we think, from a hammer on the same principle was patented in France in April, 1842, two months before the date of James Nasmyth's patent in England—so at least France claims.

LIGHT-WEIGHT, Lipton.—"Is batsman allowed to stand with a foot upon either side of the home-base line? Or is he compelled to stand either in front of said line or behind it?".....He can stand anywhere he chooses within the six-foot-by-three space of his position.

AMATEUR, Houlton.—"When a foul ball bounds once from the ground and strikes the catcher, fence, and is caught on its rebound from the fence by the catcher, is the striker out?".....No. It would not be out if it was caught flying from the fence, still less on a rebound.

F. G. S., E. New York.—Yes, to the Astor Library, this city. There you can see a variety of such documents, and can select whichever you deem most desirable of purchasing, the publishers' names being on the imprints.

R. K., Chicago.—We keep no trace of the movements of professional ladies in private life. She was not in your city upon the dates named in her professional business, and probably was not there at all.

J. K. H., Nashville.—1. We know of none. 2. Charles Dickens was a native of this country in the early part of the twenty-six years. He was last here in 1867-8, and remained about a year.

O. D. M., Buffalo.—Cortertionists never use oil of any kind to aid them in performing their feats. Practice and perseverance enable them to accomplish the result. There is an oil called snake-oil. It is obtained from rattlesnakes.

W. H. S.—1. It should occur to no gentleman or lady individuals, are unwilling that their private affairs should be made public, and also that we cannot afford to guess at or estimate such matters.

A READER, Auburn.—If such a rule was made between the players, then it is needless to ask such a question. If no such rule was made, then the player had a right to say "See me leading."

DECLINED—"Sunset on the Lake," "Pretty, Charming Lilian," "In the Moonlight," "A Midwinter Night's Dream," "Two Cents a Pile," "The Bumble Bee," "4th July."

H. A., Washington.—No answers by mail. He is not performing at present. We will advertise your letter for him.

C. G. V., Chillicothe.—No answers by mail. We have inclosed your letter to Hallen, and advertised it for him. If he is the person you seek, you will doubtless hear from him.

E. L. B., Toledo.—No answers by mail. We have inclosed your letter to him, and advertised it. You will probably hear from him shortly.

CHEVIOT, Dubuque.—The prevalent one is known as Wheatstone's, we believe, though, as in this country, there should be several systems in use in England now.

DELTA, Cincinnati.—Motto-vocalists receive from $25 to $75 per week, according to merit, reputation, and length of engagement.

F. M. C., Ellenboro.—1. It can be got by writing to almost any New York publisher, and for about a dollar. 2. No letters.

MAHANOY CITY.—1. He must have a sight. 2. In some places, yes; in most, no. Their value should be agreed upon before beginning play.

H. W., Winterset.—Read the Guide again more carefully, and you will see that you have mistaken the purport of the appendix. It is on page 76.

H. A. S., Mills.—Brainard is in Elizabeth, N. J.; Waterman was in Cincinnati; Elmer White—James' brother—is dead. It is his other brother who pitches.

W. G.—Vigil and St. Martin never ran together at Saratoga last Summer. St. Martin ran against and beat Viator there.

SYDNEY H., Kansas City.—We do not require a regular correspondent there, but will be pleased to receive such items as you may send.

VICTIM.—It would be impossible for any paper to investigate the character and standing of every advertiser before accepting an advertisement.

H. G. W., Cincinnati.—There is no official record of long hits. There is no special merit in such batting. It all depends upon muscle, heavy bat, and an elastic ball.

RED CAP.—Not that we remember. The League code was published in December, and in it is stated that "the ball must be held, etc."

P. W. G., Wheeling.—Our reports of those events state that George Brown beat Scharff "a length and a half," and that he defeated Morris by "less than two lengths."

D. H. McG., San Diego.—It is a matter of opinion which is the best brass band in the United States, and which was the best at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, Mass., in 1871.

OLD TIME ROCKS.—There was such a theatre there twenty-four years ago, and we think "The Willow Copse" was played there. The building is standing yet.

LAFAYETTE, Kentucky.—It is not customary for the presiding officer to vote except when such vote will be decisive.

R. S. W., Rochester.—Thanks; it will be acceptable. Send reports as soon as possible after each game, and at the latest to reach here on Monday morning.

MANUSCRIPT, Washington.—O. B. Collins has gone to England. He is to commence an engagement in the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, July 9, where a letter will reach him.

W. K. MCC., Washington.—All you have to do is to take it to an electrotyper in your city. Almost any Hatter can be found who will do it.

J. V., Grafton.—The late George Christy left a wife, who died some few years ago. What property he left is in litigation.

NAUTILUS, Reading.—Twelve seconds—four seconds per mile for each oar in excess—will be about the right allowance.

J. X. L., Elgin.—1. We know of none. 2. Charles A. Dana of *The Sun* is a native of the United States.

WHIT, Cleveland.—It has *not* rained on the 30th of June contemplated by the law.

NO SIGNATURE, Cincinnati.—Four cards at most games. You have not stated the game.

FORBES HILL BILLIARD SALOON.—The dealer has no right to look at any card in the pack.

JOHN F. COYLE.—"Giroffe-Girofla" was first produced in this city, at the Park Theatre, Feb. 4, 1875.

W. R., Brooklyn.—No! A loser. The measurement should be made from toe to heel.

F. V. B., Boston.—No answers by mail. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach her. No charge.

C. B., Cambridgeport.—1. We publish list of fairs in September. 2. None left.

D. Mc., Fort Hamilton.—York is five feet nine inches in height, but whether in shoes or without we cannot say.

IDLEWILD, Evansville.—Do not know the weight of that turtle.

O. P.—Charles White is at the Neptune House, Rockaway Beach.

O. R., Millican.—$1.40 will extend your subscription till Dec. 29, 1877.

J. E. P., Rochester.—Too long a time has elapsed since the poem was published to trace the party who sent it.

A. P. K., New Orleans.—We do not issue cards to travelling correspondents.

P. M., Boston.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

SUBSCRIBER, Middletown.—Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

H. L., San Francisco.—A letter addressed in care of this office will probably reach them.

E. H., Quebec.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach her.

NO SIGNATURE, Utica.—Flying Childers never got a record.

F. F., Phila.—Gen. Philip Sheridan was born in this country. The birthplace of that brother is unknown to us.

O'HICKEY, Phila.—1. A won the game. 2. A foul should be claimed at once by the opposing player.

MIKE, Brooklyn.—It was not Horace Greeley's birthplace.

J. A. S., Dalton.—1. See CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2. The bet cannot be decided by anyone.

Y. B. Parker.—The game having been abandoned by mutual consent, the bet is a draw.

POKER DICK, Indianapolis.—A's second throw was sold. He had two fives up, and A called for another throw.

W. D., Fanville.—They are sending men to Australia from here. Address the British Consul, this city.

SCRANTON, Harper House.—A pinochle you cannot "meld" for trumps after 150 for trumps.

H. C. E., New Orleans.—No answers by mail. H. W. Ellis and family are in the West Indies.

H. J. REILLEY, Portland.—Yes, if the items are forwarded promptly.

J. J. KELLY, Lewiston.—Neither Donohue nor anyone else ever performed that feat.

J. G. H., Lowell.—Scott Bros., Fulton street, near Broadway, New York.

N. F., East Saginaw.—We cannot undertake to decide which of the two is the better athletes.

H. C. S., Chicago.—No answers by mail. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him.

ESCRAVER, Utica.—There is no vacancy in either department.

LOUIS ELLISTON.—Your card costs $1.95 each time. $2.00 received.

C. T. L., Belleville.—You can get them of Peck & Snyder, who advertise. Do not know the price.

M. G., New Harmony.—The late W. C. Macready made the remark attributed to him.

PUNCH, Syracuse.—A lemon. Only forty-five yards count.

PROF. HOBBY, Toledo.—High, low, jack and game first.

DON, Elizabeth.—Cardinal Manning is an Englishman.

OLD READER, Memphis.—We know nothing of the firm.

LODI, Chicago.—She has been dead nearly nine years.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba.—General is the highest rank.

S. H. C., Pittsburg.—No advice as to lotteries.

INQUIRER, Baltimore.—No track of lotteries.

A SUBSCRIBER, Cleveland.—40, and then 150.

BENPSEY.—No; not thoroughbred bitches.

M. B., Howland.—Sancho precedes pedro.

HAWKENITE.—In 1865, we think, it was.

B. F. OSTIR.—$1.80 for three insertions.

J. C., Minneapolis.—Thanks for card.

M. J. H.—Can count out on sweeps.

J. M., Boston.—The bet is a draw.

L. T.—It was received.

THEY SAY that imbecile Turkey has insulted the American flag, which has braved the battle and the breeze for a hundred years. This stain must be wiped out at once, for what better time than the present could be desired for teaching the cravens that we are not to be insult with impunity?

A WORD TO AMATEURS.

When Gwendolen, the heroine of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," is seized with the idea of adopting the stage as a profession, she is fortunate enough to find a friend whose timely advice deters her from carrying out the project. The frank Klesmer, himself an artist, tells the young lady plainly that if she goes upon the stage she must expect disappointment, that her chances of success are limited, and that the probabilities of her failure are many. Gwendolen wisely listens to these words, and buries her ambition for histrionic triumphs. And therein, at least, the novelist makes her heroine do a sensible thing. Fortunate would it be if more of the aspiring Gwendolens could be thus readily persuaded to give up the thought of entering the dramatic profession. Every season brings forth many yearning amateurs, eager to win name and fame on the stage; and not all of these are lucky enough to find a Klesmer who may restrain them in their desires. Some have enacted parts in plays presented at amateur performances, and their efforts have met with unqualified praise. The actor's path appears to their uninitiated eyes as one strewn thickly with the roses of riches and ease. Here is one who is the lion of his own especial coterie, and who feels himself fitted and competent to assume any character, from Hamlet to Toodles. He is one of the shining stars of the Dramatic Association. As often as once a month the Association gives a theatrical entertainment, to which the friends of the performers are invited. Everybody says that these entertainments are delightful, and the amateur is made to believe that acting is the most agreeable profession in the world. Moreover, he begins to entertain serious thoughts of applying for an engagement with some highly respectable manager. Here he would find that the first requisite would be to unlearn much that he had before learned. Upon the very improbable assumption that he succeeded in obtaining any engagement at all, it would be necessary for him to begin at the lowest round, where he ought properly have begun ten years before. His upward course, under the most favorable conditions, would be discouragingly slow. The path of roses would disclose many hidden thorns; and what in the halcyon days of his amateur triumphs appeared to be a life of pleasurable ease would prove to be one of incessant toil. Worse still, the crown which he was to win, and which seemed within easy grasp, would glitter so far above him that the hope of ever reaching it would die in his heart.

To many who have achieved their triumphs upon the amateur stage THE CLIPPER has this word of advice to offer: Be content with the laurels you have already won, and put aside all thoughts of adopting the stage as a profession. The life of an artist, whatever the art he follows, is one of privation, study and self-denial. The man who gains distinction as an actor must be trained to the stage from his youth up. If he reaches the years of maturity before he begins to apply himself to his profession, then he has lost an opportunity which presents itself but once. It would be absurd to suppose that anyone could paint a picture with no knowledge of mixing colors, and without even the ability to draw; and yet many members of amateur associations believe that they are abundantly qualified to succeed as actors. How much do they know of the actual workings of the stage? How much of what is technically called "the business?" Attitude, gesture, carriage, position—all these things demand the closest attention, and are as necessary to the success of an actor as a knowledge of colors is to a painter. When the amateur falls to drawing comparisons between his own performances and those of a professional player, he forgets these minor points, which he holds to be of little consequence, one way or the other. In reality, they are the very foundation-stones of a career. The actor's art is something more than the mere repetition of words committed to memory. However intelligently and forcibly the lines of a play may be spoken, if there is nothing but the elocution to recommend an actor to favor, then you may rest assured that he will make little progress in his art. Macready tells us that he began his professional training by learning how to fence; and for many years after his debut in Romeo he spent a part of each Sunday pacing the stage of the theatre to acquire ease of movement, and to familiarize himself with the exits and entrances. The earnest study of the greatest artists has been given first, not to the enunciation of the lines, but to this preliminary knowledge of the stage. If acting were oratory merely, it might be learned as well in the drawing-room—which was Gwendolen's school—as before the footlights; but an actor is rarely an orator. The singular fact is to be confessed that everybody believes he can act until he makes the attempt. A shoemaker demands that his apprentice shall spend several years in learning his trade; a doctor, lawyer, merchant or priest is expected to devote a prescribed time to the preparation of his duties; but the aspirant for stage honors conceives it to be necessary only to secure an engagement, and his triumph is assured. The fallacy of this belief is shown often by bitter experience.

We have no word of discouragement to utter with respect to amateur performances on the stage. They are equally pleasant to the participants and to the spectators. They afford harmless and wholesome amusement, and tend to cultivate a taste for dramatic representation. And all this is well. But let not the amateur be deceived into the belief that, because his impersonation of Claude Melnotte on the stage of the Association called forth sugary praise, he is therefore fitted to become an actor. The standard of the Association is not the standard of the professional stage. The criticisms which would be passed upon him if he essayed to tread the boards of a regular theatre would no longer be sweetened by the sugar of friendship. Analytic vision would detect faults of which the amateur never dreamed; and the poetry of the actor's life would resolve itself into very stern and unrhythmic prose.

HOW TO SPEND THE SUMMER.—We hold it to be one of our cardinal duties to do all in our power to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. To this end, we call the attention of those of our friends who can't get away this Summer to a couple of valuable works just issued by the house of Lee & Sheppard, Boston. One of these, entitled "Abroad Again, or a Fresh Foray in Foreign Lands," by Curtis Guild, treats of the many wonderful things the author has seen in his travels in Europe, the remarkable places he has visited, with descriptions of the beautiful works of art and of nature which helped to make his tour so valuable and interesting to him. Now, those who have to remain at home can have all the enjoyment the author had, at the same time saving the expense, just by procuring a copy of this book, and perusing it surrounded by the comforts which help to make home happy in the Summer season. The other work, "Camp Life in the Adirondacks, or Adventures in the Wilderness," by Rev. W. H. H. Murray, is a thrilling narrative of the writer's sojourn in one of the wildest regions in America. With this book before him, the home-guard can enjoy hunting, shooting, fishing, climbing, camping-out, hair-breadth escapes, etc., in perfect safety. As the books cost but one dollar and a half each, the reader can see at once that it is the cheapest way imaginable to spend the warm weather. Another work, equally useful, describing Richardson and Rangely Lakes, and the mountain region of Maine, has been published by the same Boston firm. It is illustrated with engravings of the most notable points of interest in that wilderness, and no tourist should be without it, while the stay-at-homer can get every enjoyment out of it without budging from his own door. We expect to see this description of works take the place of Summer tours and seaside excursions. This last-named book is only half a dollar per copy.

A LONE WIDOW, residing in a small town in Indiana, was recently feloniously assaulted by three or four gentlemen, who had gained entrance to the house by means of a newly-invented skeleton-key, with which they were experimenting. While engaged in their little freaks, the wicked woman deliberately shot one of the gentlemen, when the others quietly went away. How long is society to be cursed with women of this kind, who think no more of shooting a man than they do of killing a mad dog? Is this fiendish murderer to go unpunished?

THE LAST MAN.—An article is going the rounds of the press concerning the last man and his probable end. The theory of the article is that, because of certain conditions of our system, the last man will be starved or drowned; that he is likely to be suffocated, or burned to death, or crushed by falling mountains, or sunstruck; that he will die by a fall, and so forth. The article seems to have been prepared with a good deal of care and labor; but, after all, the scientific author has lost sight of one important fact—*suppose the last man should be a woman!*

ALTHOUGH there was one *Active* yacht in the race, and a *Rambler*, with a *Vision* of first prize in view, yet they couldn't *Comet*, for the home for the little *Wanderer* was reached by the latter in winning time, and the others came tumbling after. The thunder-squall made a capital finish to the contest of the New York Yacht Club on the 14th inst., and all hands aloft and alew had as much as they could do to prevent their craft from succumbing to the gale. "Shiver me timbers," but it was rough on green hands!

PHILADELPHIA TURFMEN are shrewd and far-seeing. In a trotting race at Point Breeze Park, recently, notwithstanding one of the horses had won two heats, and looked all over a winner for a third, the smart Quakers bet on the field, and won! There were parties mean enough and wicked enough to declare that it was a made-up thing, and that the takers of the field were in collusion with the winner of the first two heats. But the fielders treat such ridiculous nonsense with the contempt it deserves, and piously live down their calumniators.

THIS is the season when *regular* railroad trains collide with perverse excursion trains, and telescope them. The first of the season took place on the Baltimore and Ohio road on June 12, on which occasion an *editor was killed!* It behooves the remainder of us to combine all such wicked conspiracies, and to enter our solemn protest against collisions when editors are on board either train.

Ring Doves.

The "aged Boss" and ex-"Big Six"
Will soon put in his biggest licks
For sweet revenge and freedom;
And those who did, through him, so well,
Had better have straight tales to tell,
Because, perhaps, they'll need 'em.

ON THE UP-GRADES.—A reliable exchange informs us that a former member of the New York Legislature is doing duty as a captain of a baseball club in "bleeding Kansas." If the worthy captain continues to rise, he will soon be ripe enough to run for Congress.

THEY WERE COMING from a matinee, and they fought until there wasn't a whole garment on either woman. The quarrel arose, we believe, from the remark made by one lady that the dress of the other, all buttoned down behind, hadn't the required number of buttons!

CHICAGO'S representative team are by no means selfish. They are content to rest on last year's laurels, and permit some other club to go to the front this season. That is the right way to "act for the best interests of our national game."

THE WICKED WRETCH who altered a ten-dollar bill to a two, and attempted to pass it in a lager-bier saloon, has not yet been arrested, although United States detectives are on his track.

ABOUT THIS TIME ministers of the gospel become seriously ill, and many of them would die were it not for the beneficial effects of a trip to Europe, with the expenses made good by the church.

THE VANGUARD of the mosquito-brigade are on the wing, and skirmishers were thrown out in this direction last week. The main army is said to be large and well organized.

THERE WAS *a strike* in the United States Watch Company's Works, in New Jersey, recently, when the *hands* and the *clocks* stopped at the same *time*. We have made a *minute* of it.

SHOULD the trotter Rarus return this way from California, let us hope that there will be no hippodrome excursions, with Goldsmith Maid as side partner.

A MAN named *Coma* was recently drowned while helping to get *coal on* board a canal-boat—put a *period* to his existence, it would seem.

RASPBERRIES are next in order, succeeding the delicious strawberry and the jovial oyster, closed up for repairs.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE have become cross-eyed in their honest endeavors to reconcile the various indistinctive features of the maps of the seat of war published in the daily papers. Just as you have located Erzeroum, and are figuring up the chances of the Russians getting there, another map comes out and puts the objective-point in an entirely different section of the country. We have been following the beautiful Danube, on the maps, for the past five weeks, but we seem to have gone backward instead of forward. And there's Kars—we were right before it last week, and chalked it out on the map by big black lines, so as to illustrate to our children the whole story of that beleaguered city and the approaches leading to it; but just as we struck it plum, and was going into particulars, one of the children came rushing in with a newspaper containing a *fresh* map, and Kars was completely obliterated—expunged, as it were. Then the whole brood of children laughed at us, called us old fogy, and said that the present generation couldn't be taught anything by old-time maps and "old-time fossils." Until these diverse maps came into being, we never knew what it was to be google-eyed.

THE MANY MURDERS and robberies taking place almost daily are not the result of man's wickedness or proneness to do evil, but are due rather to the warm weather and the exhaustion which it entails upon humanity. When a man shoots or stabs a fellow-citizen you will invariably discover, when the facts are inquired into, that the assailant is suffering under a species of debility; that he is tired, if we may so express it, and is not accountable for deeds committed when he is in that weird and absent state of mind. Man is naturally good and kind—the law spoils him when it hangs or imprisons him.

OUR MONEY EDITORS are in raptures over what they term the great feat of placing a four-per-cent. bond on the market, to take the place of the five and six per cents. We are also assured, and required to believe, that European capitalists are equally delighted with this bold stroke. We have twisted this thing in every conceivable way; but we have failed to discover where the delightful part comes in, seeing that bondholders are likely to be out of pocket two per cent. on their investments in the new four-per-cents. Maybe, we don't understand these money questions.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ABBOTT, Rev. John Stephens Cabot—Divine and historian. Born in Brunswick, Me., Sept. 18, 1805. He was educated at Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Seminary, and ordained in the Congregational Church in 1830, settling successively at Worcester, Roxbury, and Nantucket, Mass. He retired from the pulpit in 1844, but returned to it at Fair Haven, Ct., in 1866. His first volume, "The Mother at Home," was published in 1833, and was followed by "The Child at Home," both being translated into fifteen or twenty different languages. Among his historical works are "The Histories of Napoleon I, King Phillip, Marie Antoinette, Josephine of France, Mme. Roland, Cortez, Henry IV of France, Napoleon III, the Civil War in America, Frederick the Great, Napoleon at St. Helena, etc. He also wrote "Romance of Spanish History," "The French Revolution," "Kings and Queens, or Life in the Palace," and collated the confidential "Correspondence of Napoleon and Josephine"—New Haven, Ct., June 18, aged 71.

BEEKMAN, James W.—Had represented this city in the State Senate, was for many years one of the Governing Board of the New York Hospital, was patron of the Woman's Hospital and Vice-Director of the New York Dispensary, and a member of the Historical Society and of the St. Nicholas Society. He was born in this city on Nov. 22, 1815, and was a direct descendant of William Beekman, one of the first town officers of New Amsterdam—this city, June 9, aged 61.

CARPENTER, Miss Mary—An English authoress of repute, but more widely known as a philanthropist. The daughter of the late Dr. Lant Carpenter of Bristol, Eng., she was born there about 1820, and in that place early in mature life she founded and superintended a ragged-industry institution for females. As a philanthropist she visited India in 1866-7, again in 1868-9, and finally in 1869-70, to promote female education. After her return to England in 1867, she published "Six Months in India." She was likewise the author of "Reformatory Schools for Children," published in 1851; "Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment;" "Juvenile Delinquency in its Relation to the Educational Movement;" "The Relation of Ragged Schools to the Educational Movement," a lecture read before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science; "Reformatory Schools and their Present Position," published in 1855; and "The Claims of Ragged Schools to Pecuniary Aid from the Annual Parliamentary Grant for Educational Purposes"—works which had a considerable influence in directing public attention to the proper treatment of youthful criminals—London, Eng., June 15.

DAVIS, Hon. George T.—Was a member of Congress from Massachusetts in 1851-3—Portland, Me., June 17.

DUNNING, Wm. B.—One of the proprietors of *The Evening Journal*, Jersey City, N. J.—there, June 16, aged 45.

DOWNEY, Philip J.—Captain in the Eighty-second New York Volunteers during the rebellion, and also a soldier of the Mexican War—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 16, aged 55.

FERRY, Hugh—Baggage-master in years past at the old United States Hotel, Philadelphia. Afterwards he was at the Girard House and Continental Hotel—Philadelphia, June 11, aged 77.

FOURNIER, Felix—Bishop of Nantes, France. He was born of a family of colonists in St. Domingo, and was educated in France. At first he was Professor of Literature and Philosophy at the Seminary of Nantes, and, subsequently entering the priesthood, he became Vicar of St. Nicolas. Later he became editor of the *Union de Nantes*, and after the Revolution of February, 1848, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. After his elevation to the episcopacy, he withdrew from politics. Death announced on June 11 in a dispatch from Rome, Italy.

HENNINGSEN, General Frederick—Noted revolutionist and filibuster, and the author of such works of transient celebrity as "Twelve Months in Spain," "The White Slave," "Eastern Europe," "Revelations of Russia," etc. He was born in England in 1815, his parents being Swedes. In 1834 he joined the Carlist army in Spain, in which he served with distinction. After peace was declared he returned to England, but when the Revolution broke out afresh he re-entered the Carlist army with the rank of colonel. He was taken prisoner by the Royalists, and after his release became an officer in the Russian army in Circassia, and subsequently linked his fortunes with those of Kossuth in the Hungarian Revolution. Coming to this country after the insurrection in Hungary was at an end, Henningsen joined the Nicaraguan expedition under Walker, with the rank of major-general, and showed high military qualities in his successful defense of Grenada and in the Battle of Guarescura. He entered the Confederate army, and during the early days of the Rebellion commanded the Wise Legion of Virginia, but was relieved from his command because of differences between himself and President Jefferson Davis. He married a daughter of Senator Berrien of Georgia, and she survives him—Washington, D. C., June 14, aged 62.

HOWELL, George M.—About 1848 was elected Mayor of Northern Liberties, an office that was abolished when that place was consolidated with Philadelphia. From 1855 to 1858 he was Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, since which time he had not been in active business—Philadelphia, June 15, aged about 68.

HIGGS, Mrs. Susan—An octogenarian of Carlisle, Pa., who lived and died on the same property on which she was born. She was the daughter of the late Capt. Thos. MacMurray, and Mrs. F. A. Tannehill the actress was her adopted daughter. For sixty years she had been a member of the First Presbyterian Church, Carlisle. Her husband, Thomas Higgs, died thirteen years ago—Carlisle, Pa., June 9, aged about 80.

KILBOURNE, Dr. Jedediah S.—Member of the Medical Society of the County of New York, and of the New York Academy of Medicine—this city, June 12, aged 72.

LUDWIG III, Grand Duke of Hesse—Born June 9, 1806, and succeeded to the throne on June 16, 1848, upon the death of his father, Ludwig II. At that time he was co Regent of the Duchy, having been appointed in consequence of an attempt at insurrection. On Dec. 26, 1833, he married Princess Mathilde, daughter of King Ludwig of Bavaria, and who died on May 25, 1862. Death announced from Darmstadt, Germany, June 13.

LONG, William—Had for forty-six years been an employe in the United States Mint, Philadelphia—Islington, Del., June 9, aged 75.

LEFRANC, Prince Joseph—French dramatic author. Born Feb. 2, 1814, at Bussiers, near Macon, France—that country, about June 17.

MULLEN, Dr. Thomas J.—Practicing physician in Brooklyn, and formerly a resident of Philadelphia—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 11, aged 37.

MONTAGNIE, William De La—A native of this city, and a soldier of the War of 1812—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 15, aged 88.

MAXWELL, Lady Stirling—Better known as the Hon. Mrs. Norton, which name she changed on March 1 last, when she was about seventy years old and confined to her chair by rheumatism, by marrying Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Baronet, member of Parliament for Perthshire, and about fifty-nine years old. As an authoress her name has been rendered most familiar by the recitative poem "Bingen on the Rhine." She was born about 1807, and was brought up at Hampton Court. She was the second daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, playwright, etc. At an early age she gave evidence of a taste for authorship by producing "The Dandies' Rout," with illustrations from her own designs. "The Sorrows of Rosalie" appeared in 1829, shortly after her marriage with the Hon. Geo. C. Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley. The union did not prove a happy one, and the Hon. Mr. Norton, who was magistrate at the Lambeth Police-court, retired early in 1867, and died in August in that year, having long been separated from his wife. A volume of her juvenile poems was published in 1820. She wrote "Coquette," a novel, and "Wife and Woman's Reward," also a novel, published in 1835; "Dream and Other Poems" in 1840; "Child of the Islands," a poem, in 1846; "Aunt Cary's Ballads for Children" in 1848; "Marityr," a tragedy, and "Residence in Sierra Leone" in 1849; "Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse" in 1850, "Stuart of Dunleath" in 1851, "Undying Life," in 1853; "Letter to the Lord Chief Justice of England on the Recent Action of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the Case of Mrs. Norton" in 1854; "The Wandering Jew," in 1853; "Letter to the Queen on the Marriage and Divorce Bill" in 1855, "Lady of La Garaye" in 1861, "Lost and Saved" in 1863, and "Old Sir Douglas" in 1868—London, Eng., June 15.

MEAD, Capt. Colin L.—Richmond Valley, Staten Island, N. Y., June 10, aged 65.

MELLISH, Right Hon. Sir George—Knight, and Lord-justice of Appeal in Chancery. He was the son of the Very Rev. Dr. Mellish, Dean of Hereford, and was born in 1814. He was educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1837. He was called to the bar in 1840, and took silk in 1858. In 1861 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel, and in August, 1870, he was elevated to the bench, in place of the Hon. Sir George M. Giffard, as Lord-justice of Appeal, and sworn a member of the Privy Council—London, Eng., June 15.

OLSEN, Captain Charles—Latterly a sea-captain and shipowner. He had served as a commander in the Peruvian Navy, and subsequently was in command of the steamer Edgar Stuart when she landed arms, etc., on the Cuban coast—on board the steamer Anna, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 11.

PETITT, Hon. John—A native of Jefferson County, N. Y. He had been a member of the Legislature and the Senate of Indiana, to which State he removed in 1829, and had also been Mayor of Lafayette, Ind., Judge of the Circuit Court and Supreme Court of Indiana, besides being District-Judge of Kansas Territory at the time of the border-ruffian troubles, in 1854—Lafayette, Ind., June 11, aged nearly 70.

PRATT, Hon. Daniel D.—Born in Palermo, Me., in 1813, and in 1834, after having been educated in this city, went to Indianapolis, Ind., where he began the study of the law. In 1836 he moved to Logansport, which had since been his residence. In 1841 and 1843 he was elected to the Indiana House of Representatives, and in 1868 he was sent to Congress as the successor of Schuyler Colfax. In 1875 he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which office he resigned in July of 1876. Suddenly, of heart disease—Logansport, Ind., June 17, aged 64.

RHOADS, Andrew—Formerly a drygoods dealer in Philadelphia—there, June 13, aged 79.

RENO, Lewis H.—A pioneer in the Pennsylvania coal-trade. He was the son of Zacharias Reno, a native of Allegheny County, and was himself born there, on Nov. 22, 1798. In 1820, as is claimed, he took to Louisville, Ky., the first canal-boats ever seen at that port. They were two Kentucky flat-boats, and carried about eight thousand bushels each. He remained in the coal-trade until 1857. For many years past he had not been able to transact business—Allegheny City, Pa., June 9, aged 78.

RICE, Rev. Dr. N. L.—Born in Garrard County, Ky., in 1806, and was mainly conspicuous for his celebrated debate with Alexander Campbell in Lexington, Ky. From 1867 to 1870 he was Pastor of the Fifth-avenue Presbyterian Church, this city, succeeding Dr. Alexander. Ill health required him to withdraw, and his congregation voted him $25,000, with which he purchased a farm in New Jersey. This investment proved unfortunate, and he accepted a professorship in an educational institution at Fulton, Mo., afterwards becoming a professor in the Danville (Ky.) Theological Seminary, where he continued until his death. He published several pamphlets and a few books, the most noteworthy of the latter being "Romanism not Romanism, but Infidelity"—Danville, Ky., June 11.

SMALL, General William F.—A native of Montgomery County, Pa., and one of the oldest journalists in Philadelphia, where for a long time he was Clerk of the Common Council, and as a representative of which county he at another time sat in the State Senate. He was also a member of the Philadelphia Fire Department. During the War he served with distinction in the Second Pennsylvania Regiment, and in April, 1861, in answer to a telegram from General Cameron, Secretary of War, raised the Washington Brigade, composed of twenty-five hundred men, and started for Baltimore with the first troops that responded to that time. The brigade was forced to return to Philadelphia in consequence of the Baltimore riots, but subsequently went into active service. The Twenty-sixth Regiment was formed from this body, and was subsequently commanded by General Small. He was wounded in the leg at the battle of Williamsburg, Va.—Philadelphia, June 13, aged about 63.

SINQUET, Jacob—Formerly Alderman of the Twenty-first Ward of Philadelphia—Roxborough, Pa., June 11, aged about 60.

STACHELBERG, Dr. Isidor—this city, June 12.

STIRLING, Thomas—A member of the New York Academy of Medicine, the Medico-legal Society, and the County Medical Society, and well known as a practicing physician—here, June 10.

WHITALL, John M.—Had held many offices of trust in Philadelphia, and had earned the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He was born at Woodbury, N. J., Nov. 4, 1800. In early life he was a seaman, and in 1830 commenced a wholesale drygoods business in Philadelphia, under the style of Capp & Whitall. His partner soon retired, and Mr. Whitall continued in business until 1837. The great financial panic of that year caused his failure, but in twelve years from that date he paid all his debts. In 1838 he was admitted a partner in the firm of Scattergood, Haverstick & Co., glass manufacturers, at Millville, N. J., the firm eventually becoming that of Whitall, Tatum & Co. He retired from active business life in 1865—Atlantic City, N. J., June 12, aged 76.

WILLMORE, Miss Lizzie—Actress. (See "Amusement Annals.")—Edinburgh, Scotland, May 25, aged 29.

WEST, Dr. Franklin—Philadelphia physician—that city, June 15, aged 25.

WEAND, Daniel B.—Inspector of customs at Philadelphia, Pa.—there, June 12.

WARREN, Henry—Scene and landscape painter. (See Dramatic)—Connecticut, recently, aged 84.

ZEHNDER, George F.—Formerly a well-known flour-merchant in Philadelphia—there, June 9, aged 51.

BAUER TO MILLER.

From the subjoined communication it will be seen that Th. Bauer is ready to accommodate his

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE GAMES.

June 19, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.
June 19, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 21, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.
June 21, St. Louis vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 23, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 23, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.

OTHER CLUB GAMES.

June 19, Athletic vs. Allegheny, at Philadelphia.
June 19, Buckeye vs. Lowell, at Lowell.
June 19, Rochester vs. Cincinnati, at Rochester.
June 19, Indianapolis vs. Erie, at Erie.
June 19, Star vs. Louisville, at Syracuse.
June 19, Warsaw vs. Port Jervis, at Warsaw
June 19, Chelsea vs. Yale, at New Haven.
June 19, Jasper vs. Randolph, at Newark
June 20, Cincinnati vs. Star, at Syracuse
June 20, Mutual vs. Memphis Reds, at Janesville.
June 20, Louisville vs. Cricket, at Binghamton.
June 20, Osceola vs. Sunnyside, at Communipaw.
June 20, Brooklyn vs. Hoboken, at Centennial Ground.
June 20, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia.
June 21, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.
June 21, Cincinnati vs. Cricket, at Binghamton.
June 21, Mutual vs. Red Caps, at Janesville.
June 21, Buckeye vs. Manchester, at Manchester.
June 21, Hoboken vs. Enterprise, at Centennial Ground.
June 21, Quickstep vs. Jasper, at Manhattan.
June 21, Keystone vs. Witoka, at Capitoline Ground.
June 21, Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge.
June 22, Osceola vs. Mohawk, at Stapleton Flats, S. I.
June 22, Howard vs. Brockton, at New Bedford.
June 22, Pittsfield vs. Buckeye, at Pittsfield.
June 22, Enterprise vs. Flyaway, at Centennial Ground.
June 23, Star vs. St. Louis, at Syracuse.
June 23, Witoka vs. Osceola, at Capitoline Ground.
June 23, Metropolitan vs. Brockton, at New Bedford.
June 23, Quickstep vs. Harlem, at Melrose.
June 25, Germantown vs. Rivington, at Rivington, N. J.
June 25, Tecumseh vs. St. Louis, at London, Can.
June 25, Buckeye vs. Auburn, at Auburn.
June 25, Enterprise vs. Delaware, at Port Jervis.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA.

There are now three championship pennants up for professional-club contestants, viz., the League, the International, and the League Alliance. In the League pennant-race up to June 17, inclusive, St. Louis held the lead, Louisville being second, and Boston third. In the International race up to the same date, Rochester held first place, Manchester second, and Allegheny third. In the League Alliance arena, the Indianapolis nine are in the van, with the Reds of St. Paul second, and the Mutuals of Janesville third, the Stars of Syracuse being fifth. The present week's play in the League arena will probably lead to a marked change of positions. The record up to June 18, not including Monday's games, is as follows:

	Position.	Games Played.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Per Cent. of Games Won.	Games Won by Clubs Below.										Games Lost by Clubs Above.									
						Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Hartford.	Athletic.	Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Hartford.	Athletic.	Allegheny.	Buckeye.
Boston	1	7	5	2	714		1	2	1	1	0	0	0	0		2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Brooklyn	2	3	2	1	666	1		0	0	1	0	0	0	0		1		1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Chicago	7	2	1	1	500	0	1		0	0	0	0	0	0		1	1		0	0	0	0	0	0	
Cincinnati	6	1	1	0	1000	0	0	0		0	0	0	0	0		1	1	1		0	0	0	0	0	
Louisville	5	2	1	1	500	0	0	0	0		1	0	0	0		1	1	1	1		0	0	0	0	
St. Louis	4	2	2	0	1000	0	0	0	0	0		0	0	0		1	1	1	1	1		0	0	0	
Games Lost		4	5	10	14	7	6	46																	

In the International race the Alleghenys have lost ground, and the Rochesters have come to the front, as the appended record shows:

	Position.	Games Played.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Per Cent. of Games Won.	Games won by Clubs Below.										Games lost by Clubs Above.									
						Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Cincinnati.	Indianapolis.	Manchester.	Rochester.	Star.	Utica.	Warsaw.	Worcester.	Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Cincinnati.	Indianapolis.	Manchester.	Rochester.	Star.	Utica.	Warsaw.	Worcester.
Allegheny	2	1	1	0	1		1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Buckeye	5	1	1	0	1	0		1	1	0	1	1	0	0		0		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Live Oak	8	1	0	1	0	0	0		0	0	0	0	0	0		1	1		1	1	1	1	1	1	
Manchester	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0		0	0	0	0		1	1	1	1		1	1	1	1	
Maple Leaf	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0		1	1	0	1	1		1	1	1	
Rochester	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0		1	1	0	1	1	1		1	1	
Tecumseh	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0		1	1	0	1	1	1	1		1	
Games Lost		4	4	8	2	6	4	2	8	39															

In the League Alliance pennant-race the positions of the contesting nines up to the 16th inst. were:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Indianapolis	11	4	Fairbanks	2	12
St. Paul	9	3	Memphis	0	3
Janesville	8	4	Chelsea	0	2
Minneapolis	6	6	Cricket	0	2
Star	6	7	Fall River	0	1
Milwaukee	3	7			
Lowell	2	1	Totals	49	49
Athletic	2	6			

Taking the most prominent club teams of the forty odd now in the arena, we find the record of their games together to be as follows:

	Allegheny.	Athletic.	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Hartford.	Indianapolis.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Star.	Syracuse.	Tecumseh.	Won.	Lost.
Allegheny		1	0	3	0	2	1	2	1	0	1	1	0	5	16
Boston	2		3	2	0	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	0	19	10
Chicago	1	0		1	3	0	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	10	19
Cincinnati	0	1	1		0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	13
Hartford	2	2	1	2		2	1	2	1	0	2	1	0	16	12
Indianapolis	1	2	1	2	1	2		1	1	0	2	2	0	15	10
Louisville	0	0	3	4	1	0	2		2	0	0	0	0	10	10
St. Louis	0	2	2	2	1	1	2	0		0	2	1	0	13	10
Star	1	0	2	2	1	1	1	2	3		0	0	0	13	10
Tecumseh	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		1	4
Games Lost	8	6	13	16	6	10	10	10	10	3	6	6	0	136	136

HARTFORD vs. ST. LOUIS.

Fully a thousand spectators witnessed the second game in Brooklyn, N. Y., this season between the above clubs on Monday, June 18, and they were gratified by witnessing a very closely contested and well-played game, it being a contest which the victorious nine had by very little to boast of. Indeed, many persons nothing to feel very bad about, one of those chances peculiar to baseball settling the question of victory, though it must be said that the Hartfords had the best batting record and the best fielding score. But the hits made did not tell so heavily on the score as in the first game, and but one of the fielding errors on the St. Louis side materially aided their adversaries, and that was McGeary's double error in the ninth inning—a costly overthrow, which gave the Hartfords the run by which they won the game. Ferguson had previously allowed the St. Louis nine to tie the Hartford score by just as poor a throw, so the nines were even on that score. Start, Cassidy and Holdsworth did the best batting, and Burdock bore off the palm in the field, his second-base play being a splendid display of fielding. Force and Blong also fielded finely, McGeary's one costly error being offset by some fine play in his position. The conduct of the two nines in department on the field in these games was a model to copy from. Both played all they knew how, and, though the battle was close, skirmishing prevailed, not a solitary "kick" being heard of in either contest. The score:

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holsw'th, c f	5	0	2	0	0	Dorgan, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Start, 1st b	5	1	1	12	0	Clapp, c	4	0	2	1	0
Burdock, 2b	4	0	1	3	0	McGeary, 2b	4	0	1	7	3
Carey, s. s	4	0	1	1	3	Battin, 3d b	4	0	0	3	1
Ferguson, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	Force, s. s	4	0	0	2	2
York, l. f	4	0	1	4	0	Remsen, c. f	3	0	0	1	0
Cassidy, r. f	4	1	2	0	0	Craft, 1st b	3	1	1	12	1
Hartig, c	4	0	1	6	0	Blong, r. f	3	0	0	1	0
Larkin, p	4	0	1	0	2	Nicholls, p	3	0	0	0	2
Totals	38	3	10	27	11	Totals	31	2	2	27	17
Hartford	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—3
St. Louis	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2

First base by errors—Hartford, 2; St. Louis, 1. Runs earned—Hartford, 1; St. Louis, 0. Umpire, Mr Kenney of the Athletic Club. Time, 1h. 45m.

Bases earned by running—Cassidy, 1; Burdock, 1. Left on earned bases—Holdsworth, 1; Start, 1; Burdock, 1; Carey, 1; McGeary, 1. Struck out—Clapp, 1; Burdock, 1.

PITCHER'S SCORE.—Balls called on Nicholls, 17; Larkin, 14. Strikes called from Nicholls, 13; Larkin, 7. Bases on balls batted Nicholls, 2; Larkin, 3. Wild pitches—by Nicholls, 1; Larkin, 1. Assistance on strikes—by Nicholls, 1; Larkin, 1.

FAVORITE vs. FULTON.

On Monday, June 11, a game which was well worth witnessing was played by these clubs at Harlem, N. Y., the Favorites coming off with colors flying:

FAVORITE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	FULTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hughes, 3d b	4	1	1	4	3	Donovan, c	0	0	5	2	2
Holman c	0	1	6	2	2	Cordier, 1st b	0	1	13	2	0
White, 3d b	0	0	0	1	1	Doyle, r. f	0	0	1	1	0
Silvester, c. f	0	2	1	0	0	Hughes, d b	0	0	1	0	0
Wilson, l. f	1	0	1	0	1	Gilbert, 3d b	1	2	2	2	1
Morgan, p	2	2	2	2	1	Jasper, c. f	1	2	0	1	0
Satterlee, 1st b	0	1	9	0	0	Quigley, c	1	1	9	0	0
Hasson, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	Ray, 2d b	1	1	2	2	2
Freeman, s. s	1	0	11	4	2	Casey, s. s	0	2	5	9	3
Totals	7	6	33	21	10	Totals	6	10	33	22	10
Favorite	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	2—7	
Fulton	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	5—6	

Runs earned—2 each. First base on errors—Favorite, 4; Fulton, 2. Umpire, M. Lynch. Time, 2h. 20m.

CHAMPION CITY vs. STANDARD.

The Champion Citys of Springfield, O., visited Wheeling, West Va., June 15, and there defeated the Standards.

STANDARD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHAMPION C.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lane, c	0	1	7	0	1	Pearce, s. s	1	1	3	0	0
Moffat, l. f	1	2	0	0	1	Hecker, 1st b	1	0	7	0	0
Ashbaker, p	0	1	0	6	1	Fisher, c	0	1	6	1	0
Glassock, 3d b	0	0	2	2	1	Wolford, 3d b	0	1	2	1	2
Hazan, p	0	0	0	5	0	Snyder, 2d b	0	2	4	1	0
Barclay, 2d b	0	0	2	3	1	Griffith, l. f	0	0	1	0	0
Wilkinson, 1st b	0	0	13	1	0	Miller, c	0	0	8	2	0
Gallagher, l. f	0	1	2	0	0	Welsh, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Robinson, c. f	0	0	0	0	0	Mitchell, p	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	2	6	27	17	4	Totals	2	5	6	27	13	5
Champion City	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—3
Standard	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2

Three-base hits—Snyder, 1; Wolford, 1. Struck out—Standard, 6; Champion City, 4. Umpire, Geo. G. Hannon. Time, 2h.

STAR vs. CHICAGO.

On June 15 the Chicago Club halted at Syracuse, N. Y., and struck their colors in a rather inglorious manner to the Stars:

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, r. f	5	1	2	1	0	0	Hines, 2d b	5	1	2	3	2	0
Geer, s. s	5	1	2	4	4	3	McVey, r. f. p	4	0	0	0	3	4
Higham, c	5	1	3	4	1	0	Anson, 3d b	4	0	0	1	4	2
McKin'n, 1b	5	1	2	9	0	0	Peters, s. s	4	0	1	1	3	1
Clinton, c. f	5	0	1	5	0	1	Glenn, l. f	4	1	1	3	0	1
Mansell, l. f	5	0	3	3	1	0	Spalding, 1b	4	0	2	10	0	2
Farrell, 2d b	5	0	3	3	2	0	Smith, c. f	4	2	2	2	0	0
McCorlick, p	5	0	3	0	4	2	Bradley, p. r	3	1	0	1	2	3
Carpent'r, 3b	5	1	1	0	0	1	Quinn, c. c. f	4	1	1	5	2	0
Totals	48	14	19	27	14	6	Totals	37	7	9	27	14	6
Star	0	2	0	2	0	6	1	2	1	—14			
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—Star, 1; Chicago, 1. Double-plays—Carpenter, Farrell and McKinnon, 1; Farrell, 1; Hines, Peters and Spalding, 1. Left on bases—Chicago, 9; Bradley, 4; McVey, 10. Passed balls—Quinn, 4. First base on errors—Star, 5; Chicago, 4. First base on called balls—Star, 1; Chicago, 0. Left on base—Star, 8; Chicago, 8. Struck out—Star, 1; Chicago, 4. Umpire, McDorgan of the St. Louis Browns. Time, 2h. 10m.

AUBURN vs. ERIE.

A second game between the above-named clubs, contested at Auburn, N. Y., June 9, terminated in the defeat of the Pennsylvanians.

ERIE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	AUBURN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, s. s	0	1	1	0	3	Burns, 3d b	0	1	0	4	1
Tabey, r. f	0	0	2	0	1	Macullar, s. s	0	0	1	3	0
Beyer, 1st b	1	2	9	1	0	Thomas, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Leary, p	0	1	2	10	0	Cusick, l. f	0	2	15	0	1
Curry, 2d b	0	0	2	4	0	Fields, r. f	1	1	1	0	0
Phillips, 3d b	0	0	3	1	1	Keenan, c	1	0	8	2	1
Cuthbert, c	0	0	7	2	0	Dunlap, 2d b	1	1	2	2	0
Norton, c. f	0	0	0	0	0	Mansell, c. f	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, c	0	0	11	2	2	Critchly, p	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	1	3	27	17	5	Totals	5	6	27	18	3

Runs earned—Auburn, 2. Three-base hits—Tobin, 1; Fields, 1. Two-base hit—Dunlap, 1. Double-play—Burns, Dunlap and Tobin. Struck out—Baldwin, 6; Erie, 9. Bases on called balls—Auburn, 1. Strikes called—off Critchly, 26; Leary, —. Balks called—on Critchly, 7; Leary, 11. Umpire, E. A. Woodin. Time, 1h. 45m.

NAMELESS vs. HUDSON.

The first contest of the Park championship series between these clubs was played at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 16. Score:

NAMELESS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	HUDSON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sale	0	1	5	2	6	Jas. Farrell, 2b	1	1	3	2	1
Brown, 3d b	0	1	0	3	4	R. Smith, s. s	1	0	1	2	1
Bass, p	0	0	1	2	1	Joe Farrell, 3b	0	0	3	1	1
Bauer, 1st b	0	0	11	2	0	J. Smith, c. f	1	2	0	1	0
Bergen, s. s	0	0	1	0	1	J. Campbell, l. f	1	0	0	0	0
Nelson, c. f	0	0	1	0	0	Shaughney, r. f	1	2	2	1	0
Clark, 2d b	0	0	1	3	0	R. Raleigh, c	1	0	5	2	3
Bensley, r. f	0	0	1	0	0	J. Raleigh, p	0	0	1	1	4
Totals	1	3	27	12	14	Totals	5	6	27	13	5
Hudson	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	—5	
Nameless	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1

Umpire, Mr. Reed.

HARTFORD vs. ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis Club arrived in New York on Saturday, June 16, to play their return games with the Hartfords of Brooklyn, and they entered the metropolis after having encountered defeat at the hands of the strong team of the Syracuse Stars, in which, by the way, they had for goodly company the Chicago champions, who equally found Syracuse a rather unhealthy town to tarry in. Accompanying them on their tour were the baseball editor of *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and that efficient club-director Wm. Fowle. In St. Louis, last May, both the Hartford and the Boston nine found their toughest customers while on their tour, the former losing one of their games there, and the Bostons both of theirs. As the Hartfords had just won two games from the Bostons, they were, of course, anxious to add a St. Louis victory to the lists by way of lifting them to a better position in the pennant-race; and as this was known to be the case, and as it was also known that the St. Louis nine would strongly protest against anything of the kind, a close contest and an exciting game was looked forward to. But for the unpropitious weather there would have been a large crowd present on the occasion. As it was, however, what with the rain in the morning and the threatening aspect of the weather in the afternoon, hundreds were deterred from visiting the grounds, the majority not expecting that the game would be played. It turned out, however, after 4 P. M., and the grounds were found to be in a better condition than was anticipated, and the result was a very attractive contest and a well-earned victory for the Hartfords.

Play was called at 4 P. M., with the home nine at the bat, the ball played with being the rather lively No. 3 League ball, which in some instances deadens after the first inning, and in others retains its elasticity to the close. Holdsworth opened play with a ball to Battin, and retired; then Start hit a ball close up to the ropes in left field, and it rolled along the foul-line safe, an earned base being the result. Burdock should now have faced for a right-field hit; but he did not, and the result was that he sent the ball in to Battin's hands, thereby affording that fielder a chance for a double-play; but the three in the ball to McGeary so far from the base as to oblige him to run Startout, and this enabled Burdock to save a life at first base. But for Battin's poor throw the side would have been out. As it was, Burdock was sent round by Carey's safe hit; and on Ferguson's grounder over second base both men ran in, and with York's hit to Battin—he, too, fatling to face for a right-field hit—the inning's play ended. It is little necessary to say that so plain a batting point of play as facing for right-field hitting should be so neglected as it is, when its advantages are so plainly manifest. When a base-runner is on first base, not only is the first-baseman kept close to his position, but the second-baseman has to be near his, in readiness for a throw from the catcher. By this a wide, open space is generally left free for a successful hit. Then, too, there are but two men to cover the right-hand side of the field, while there are three on the left. And yet, despite these favorable conditions, fine safe-hitting batsmen are to be generally seen facing for a hit to the left when base-runners are on bases. On the part of St. Louis, in the first inning, they began business at the bat in lively style, for Dorgan getting a square hit over Holdsworth's head, in which he earned third base, a passed ball sending him home. After Ferguson had thrown Clapp out, McGeary hit safely, thereby earning Dorgan's run. Battin also made a safe hit, and, with three men on earned bases, it looked as if more runs would be again attended to; but Force's ball to Larkin was sent to Burdock in time to force Battin out, and Remsen gave a chance to Ferguson to throw him out, and that ended the inning. McGeary had scored on Battin's hit, having been assisted round by Harbidge's bad throw and an error by Larkin, the run was not earned. This left the score at 2 to 2, and the game even. Neither side added to the score in the next two innings, and the Hartfords failed to score in the fourth. The St. Louis nine, in this inning, however, earned a run, Force, Remsen, Croft and Blong making base-hits in succession. Three men were on bases, and but one man out, when Blong came to the bat, and by his safe hit Force scored an earned run. The bases were again all filled when Nicholls faced Larkin. This inning, however, the striker gave Holdsworth a chance for a catch, which was accepted, and on Remsen's endeavor to run home on the catch a double-play was made, Holdsworth throwing home well from centre field. Neither party scored in the fifth inning; but in the sixth Start led off with a long ball to left-centre, which Dorgan made a good effort to catch, Joe getting his second by the hit. The next two strikers failed to help him, and, with Start on third and two men out, Ferguson came to the rescue with a grounder to centre, which the only sent Joe home, but by Force's failure to field the ball on the return from the outfield Ferguson made his second. It did not avail him much, as York was thrown out; and, as the St. Louis nine scored a blank, the seventh inning was commenced with the totals at 3 to 3 and the game in an interesting position. In the eighth inning, after two men were out, Burdock hit a slow-rolling ball towards third, on which he secured his base, and, as Carey followed with a safe hit to centre, two earned bases were occupied. Now it was but forgotten that the rescue with a telling hit to right-field, on which both men ran home, a rather poor throw by Blong allowing Ferguson to get to his second. There he was left, however, as York tipped out. This practically won the game, as the St. Louis nine were only fielded out in their last two innings for blanks, and the Hartfords did not add to their score. A pretty double-play by Carey, Burdock and Start did the St. Louis business up brown in their eighth inning.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th, c f	4	0	1	2	1	0	Dorgan, l. f.	4	1	0	2	0	0
Start, 1st b	4	1	2	14	0	0	McGeary, 2b	4	1	1	2	4	1
Burdock, 2b	4	0	1	2	4	0	Battin, 3d b	4	0	1	1	3	0
Carey, s. s	4	0	2	2	2	0	Force, s. s	3	1	1	4	6	1
Ferguson, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	0	Remsen, c. f	3	0	1	3	0	0
York, l. f	4	0	0	5	0	0	Croft, 1st b	3	0	1	10	0	0
Cassidy, r. f	4	0	1	1	0	0	Blong, r. f	3	1	0	1	0	0
Harbidge, c	4	0	0	1	1	1	Nicholls, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Larkin, p	4	0	1	0	4	1	Totals	31	4	5	27	15	2
Totals	36	1	7	27	13	2	Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Hartford, 1; St. Louis, 0. Two-base hits—Holdsworth, Start, Burdock, 2 & 4; Carey, Ferguson, Dorgan, Force, Remsen, Croft, Blong, Nicholls, Larkin, 2. Double-play—Carey, Burdock and Start. Passed balls—Harbidge, 2; Remsen, 1. Left on bases—Hartford, 6; St. Louis, 4. Bases earned by running—Burdock, 2; Carey, 1. Struck out—Start, Ferguson, Cassidy, Harbidge, 2; Dorgan, Battin, Croft, Blong, 4. Wild pitches—Larkin, 2; Nicholls, 2. Assistance on strikes—by Nicholls, 0; Larkin, 0.

ATHLETIC vs. CHELSEA.

The second game between the Athletic and Chelsea Clubs was played June 16 on the former's grounds, Philadelphia. In consequence of the threatening weather, the attendance was very meagre. Neither scored in the first four innings, Shetzline of the Athletics making the first safe hit of the game in the fifth inning, and, assisted by a passed ball, scoring a run. Shetzline made the second and last run in the seventh, by the errors of Rule, Corcoran and Dunne. The Chelseas failed to hit the pitching of Lomas, only two clean hits being made, and but one other reaching first base by errors, and these by Reach's miss. A brilliant running-catch by Keyes of the Chelseas, and a splendid stop by Meyerle of the Athletics, elicited the most applause. The following full score presents the other noticeable features:

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHELSEA.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f	5	0	2	0	0	0	Clarke, c	4	0	0	7	2	0
Reach, r. f	4	0	0	2	0	1	Hayes, l. f	4	0	0	3	0	0
Coons, 3d b	4	0	0	2	3	0	Laughlin, 2b	3	0	0	3	6	0
Fisler, s. s	4	0	1	3	3	1	Keyes, s. s	4	0	0	0	3	0
Ryan, l. f	4	0	1	0	0	0	Rule, p	3	0	0	0	1	3
Meyerle, s. s	4	0	0	0	3	0	Roseman, c. f	3	0	1	2	0	0
Shetzline, 2b	4	2	1	2	1	0	Dunne, 1st b	3	0	0	14	1	2
McGlynn, c	4	0	1	5	3	1	Corcoran, r. f	3	0	0	0	0	1
Lomas, p	4	0	0	0	1	0	Curran, 3d b	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	36	2	3	27	12	2	Totals	29	0	2	27	13	11
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	—2
Chelsea	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—none. First base by errors—Athletic, 1; Chelsea, 7. Umpire, Mr. Pfeffer of the Keystones. Time, 1h. 30m.

ST. LAWRENCE vs. BEAVER.

On Thursday, June 14, the second game between the St. Lawrence and Beaver Clubs came off at Kingston, Ont., and this time the score was reversed. The pitching of Wilson and Dick was very effective—only three base-hits were made in each. They were well supported, and the game was an exciting one. So much interest is being taken in the game there that nearly 1,000 people passed through the gates. A city league has been formed, the three city clubs having entered, viz., St. Lawrence, Beavers and young Earls. The three games each are to be played, the club winning the most games to receive a beautiful silk pennant, to be presented by the citizens.

BEAVER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ST. LAWR'CE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cliff, l. f	4	0	1	2	0	2	Parkin, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hunter, 1st b	4	2	1	4	0	0	Reuton, s. s	4	1	0	1	2	0
Fenwick, 3 b	4	0	0	3	0	1	Carson, c	4	0	1	8	0	5
Parmiter, 2 b	4	1	0	1	3	0	Jackson, 1 b	5	1	0	12	1	2
Ribby, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	Drisdale, 3 b	5	1	0	1	5	1
Wilson, p	4	0	2	2	2	2	Dolan, 2d b	5	0	1	0	0	1
Robinson, c f	4	0	0	1	0	0	Dick, p	5	0	0	0	4	2
Sanders, c	3	0	1	6	0	0	Dunlop, l. f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Harbidge, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	1	M'Mahon, c f	3	1	0	1	0	0
Larkin, p	4	0	1	1	4	1	Totals	36	3	3	27	12

THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Up from the wings of daylight,
From the sun-clad breast of morn,
Comes the glory-emblazoned pageant,
Like a vision dead, new born.

Amid the clatter and clangor
And the hurrying horse-hoof beat,
Blending in well-timed harmony,
Come the martial strains so sweet.

Onward and up from the by-way,
From the wide and deep-mouthed street,
Enwrapt in brass-lit armaments,
Come the horsemen swift and fleet.

Chariots, cages and chariots,
Wrapt in the grandeur of old,
Reddened and glistened with brightness,
Brightened and gilded with gold.

Riders, and steeds and riders,
With glittering armor and bright,
Wending through winding avenues,
Now to the left, now right.

And we gaze and wonder and wonder
If the huge, all-girding sun
Still girdles old Rome and the Romans
In splendor and deeds new-done.

In actions of chivalry, blood-stained,
Storied in stanza of gore,
Marching in glorious glory,
As in faded cycles of yore.

Nay! these are but painted warriors,
And this is but painted pride;
Like as a shade to reality,
As man to a hero tried.

'Tis the circus, whose beauteous splendor
Streams up from the realms of day,
Flashing and flushing with grandeur
As it rolls and reels away.

Saluting the ray-clad sunlight,
Comes the bustling cavalcade,
With its acrobats and equestrians,
Imbued with each brilliant shade.

Knights of the sawdust arena,
Nymphs of the tensed ring,
Decked in the robes of a monarch,
Robed in the garb of a king.

And we gaze again, and wonder
If such a vision can fade;
But lo! in a few brief eras
'Tis banished—a shadeless shade.

Boston, April 30. C. C. S.

"LA LIONNE"

THE DANCER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DR. L——G.

Cease the sighing fool to play,
Cease to trifle life away.—MOORE.

You wish to know the *personnelle* of the writer of this sketch of real life? Well, I will try to oblige you without being egotistical. Can you imagine a stature of five feet eleven inches, that carries a gross weight of one hundred and ninety-nine pounds avoirdupois and adipose, topped by a head whose big, irregular bumps are the terror of the hatter—a frame cumbered with *carpus* and *meta-carpus*, *tarsus* and *meta-tarsus*, and phalanges, which dismay the deftest glover and bootmaker—a mass of iron-gray hair, long, tangled, and swept back from a square, unlovely forehead in the manner affected by professional aspirants—legal, medical and otherwise—in keeping with a huge, coarse, rebellious beard that defies tonsorial skill. If you can, you can guess something of the aspect of the narrator, who has attained his seventy-first year.

So old! Well, if one would take a sort of ethical diagnosis of the romantic tragedy that has made me a wifeless, desolate bachelor, he would perforce be obliged to resurrect a love that memory has held sepulchred for many and many a year.

It was Sydney Webster who rolled the stone away, and bade the ghost arise and speak.

And this is how it all came about:

Sydney was first my student, then my partner, and then he drifted away somehow, and opened a shower office for himself in an aristocratic part of the city, with half of the elite for his patients.

It was in the tenth year of his successful and promising practice that he first saw La Lionne the danseuse, and their meeting was a bit sensific.

The petted and applauded favorite of an adulatory public had taken umbrage at some overt aggression of the manager, who was her rejected suitor, and, rather than appear when her presence would profit and please him most, while it would diminish her prestige by a scheme not necessary to repeat, plunged a Spanish stiletto through her slipper, making a wound in her dainty foot more deep and dangerous than she had intended.

Sydney Webster attended her professionally, and quite unprofessionally learned to love her. And in the purity and splendor of that love her mask slipped away from her, and she listened to his vows with sweet womanliness and with a heart fresh and virgin, despite the quicksands of temptation over which she had trod so long in her daring, reckless grace.

He came to me one day sorely perplexed, and told his story like the veriest boy, although he was long past thirty.

"Shall I marry her or not?" was the burden of his queries—the question of him who could wed the fairest heiress of the select for the asking.

"You love her?" I inquired.

"Better than my own soul, I think," he returned, firm even in his irresolution.

"And she loves you, and trusts you, Sydney?"

"She adores and trusts me as a saint does her God," was the answer. "It is not the woman, but her calling, that makes me a coward. What will the world say if I marry a danseuse?"

Then out of the past came an inspiration that compelled me to speak against my will.

"I cannot advise you, Sydney," I said; "but I can tell you something of my own life, that may help to influence your decision. You know already that I struggled through college, contending with the greatest difficulties of poverty and privation, for parents I had planned any part of life for me, for which I had no natural ability, and were violently opposed to the profession to which I meant to devote my life and talents. Although at the commencement I received my diploma with flattering eulogiums, I felt that my education was not complete; and so, by dint of economy and scheming, I obtained funds to take me through an extra course in Paris. My home was in the students' quarter. You have been there—you know what it is. Well, I had been there but a few days when I first met my Daphne. She was an orphan of the bourgeoisie, rather finely educated, and nearly starving when I first knew her. Such a dainty, delicious, tempting child as she was! She was shaped like a Hebe, and her exquisite features of Grecian mould were vivid with a Sappho's passionate soul. Her poetic eyes were dreamy and dark, but her rich hair tumbled over her white neck and down her lissome waist like a cloud of red gold. I loved her, Sydney, and, had not that accursed pride of caste and custom interfered, I would not be to-day the desolate, loveless man to whom you have come for counsel. Well, for three years my Daphne unwedded lived to me, sharing my hours of despondency and my days of delight, made my rooms a Paradise, brightening and adorning them as only a true and loving woman can do. One child was born to us. It was my Daphne's counterpart, and I adored the little thing. But one day there came a fatal letter. My proud father had relented, and wished me home again. I had won my own way to honor in my chosen profession, and he desired to gild it with his long-withheld gold. I knew well what my old friends would say if I should marry Daphne and bring her back with me. So, in the flush of ambition and pride, I determined to desert her—my child! The little thing was part of myself, you know, and I—traitor and coward—never paused to consider that she was as dear to the mother as to me. I made arrangements secretly for my departure, and as secretly stole my child, and, like the guilty, conscience-stricken thief I was, became a fugitive from the only bliss I ever knew—skulking away from my Eden in the darkness of the night. I and my little prattling girl came across the ocean safely. We landed quietly, but a fearful message followed me. Daphne—poor, forsaken darling—was dead. She had discovered my cruel faithlessness, and the next morning those who found her saw a beautiful, death-cold form on the couch of our pretty chamber, and beside her stood, ghastly and grim, a brazier of burnt-out charcoal. Remorse began its scorching, scathing work from that hour. I deemed my chosest care and tenderness to my child. But one day she was lost. I have never seen her since. That loss was my punishment."

I stopped speaking, and there followed a long silence, broken at last by a great sigh from Sydney Webster's working lips.

By-and-by he arose and came over to my chair, folding his strong arm across my shoulders.

"Old friend," he said gently, "I am glad you told me this. I shall marry La Lionne."

So he wedded the danseuse, and some weeks after their tour he came to me again.

"Will you come to dinner with me?" he asked, "I shall not be satisfied with my happiness until you know my wife."

I assented, and accompanied him to the handsome house where he had made his nuptial nest.

I fancied he was restlessly excited as he chatted randomly of many things not supposed to be interesting to a wifeless man.

"By the way," he said once rather abruptly, "you don't know why Mrs. Webster was once called La Lionne? I will tell you. She has the most magnificent hair in the world, always tumbled about her neck and waist like a lion's mane. It is tawny too, although glinting with that delicate gold seen in old Venetian portraits."

"It is the heart, not the hair, I shall envy, my boy," I answered sententiously.

He smiled a curious smile as we were ushered into the presence of the sweet sovereign of his love and life.

And then, as I saw La Lionne, my old heart stood still, as if the ghost of my murdered Daphne had arisen out of her sepulchre to accuse me.

This tall, lissome creature in pale, pink satin, with pearls about her milk-white throat and arms, rose-lipped, dark-eyed, with hair of the palest, burnished amber, recalled the wronged love of my fond, foolish, frittered youth.

"Daphne!" I gasped.

"Daphne's daughter, dear old friend," interposed Sydney. "We learned the parentage of my wife while we were in Paris. The locket your daughter has worn ever since you lost her was all the clue we needed."

"Daphne's daughter!" I iterated in the confusion of my shame and ecstacy.

But my child did not spurn me, as I feared in the first daze of this strange meeting she would do; nor did Sydney reproach me by look or word.

My remorse had been my punishment, and my repentance the password to their affections.

Nevertheless, in my most contented hours, when my child is fondest and her husband kindest, the old agony haunts me, knowing how blest I might have been had I not wrought so unpardonable a wrong towards the unhappy mother of the danseuse LA LIONNE.

THE MAN WHO WANTED A BRAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

In the Summer of 1869 I had occasion to visit the Rushmore Asylum for the Insane. The institution is, I believe, reckoned among the best of its kind in this country. The distinguishing feature in its system of treatment is that of according to patients all reasonable freedom—a system, I am informed, which has been followed with the most encouraging results. So far as practicable, the inmates of the asylum are treated like sane men and women; and, instead of being kept constantly reminded of their infirmity, they are led to forget it—if the power to forget remains.

On the day of my visit I had purchased a case of medicines for one of the assistant physicians, who was my intimate friend. This I had done at his request, and it was to deliver these medicines that I made the journey to the Rushmore Asylum.

Ascending the massive stone steps, I was conducted by one of the attendants into the reception-parlor. Here I was left to wait until my presence could be announced to my friend Dr. Balcom. It so happened that I was the only occupant of the room, and to engage my mind while I waited, I picked up a copy of De Quincy's "Confessions," and began to read. While thus occupied, a voice accosted me, saying:

"Did you wish to see anyone, sir?"

Looking up, I saw that the speaker was a small, neatly-dressed man, who had entered unobserved, and who had evidently addressed me in order to make his presence known.

"I was waiting," I replied, "to see Dr. Balcom."

"The doctor is engaged just at present on a very important case. Would you like to make a tour of the building?"

I answered that I should be pleased to do so, and thereupon my friend conducted me out into the hall. I discovered that he was one of the attendants in the asylum, and he also informed me that he had studied insanity for a number of years, with a view to fitting himself for a physician. Under so excellent a guide I was conducted through the building, and shown the numerous points of interest. Those patients whose cases possessed particular interest were also pointed out to me, and their idiosyncracies fully explained.

"The man whom we just passed," said my companion, referring to a large, fresh-faced, mild-eyed patient, "is one of the most dangerous cases which we have ever had."

"Indeed?" I replied. "One would not think so from looking at him."

"No; but the appearance of all insane people is deceptive. There was a woman here some time ago—a pale, sweet-faced, delicate creature—whom we all thought a saint, and who acted like one until she succeeded in getting hold of a carving-knife, and then she cut the throats of two of her fellow-patients!"

"Is there not danger," I asked, "in granting so much liberty to the inmates?"

"Well, it is our peculiar system. We find in some instances, of course, that the freedom is abused, but in the majority of cases it works well."

This, and much more conversation, took place between the attendant and myself as we passed through the halls. I was most favorably impressed with his intelligence and manners, and the thought struck me forcibly that he was fitted to fill a higher position than that which he occupied.

"I observe," he said, "that you carry a medicine-case, and I infer that you are a physician."

"No," I rejoined. "Although I have the equipments of a doctor, I should make but sorry work at using them. They belong to Dr. Balcom, and I called to deliver them." Then looking at my watch, I added: "I fear that I am keeping the Doctor waiting by my long absence."

"I think he is not yet disengaged," returned my companion. "We shall have time to go on to the roof of the building, from which the view is really magnificent."

Accordingly, my guide led the way up the spiral staircase, which connected the topmost story with the roof, I following at his heels. As we emerged through the broad skylight, the scene which presented itself to the eye was indeed magnificent. To the right lay the river, wending like a silver thread through the pleasant valley; in front could be seen the distant spires of the city, glistening like the sunlight; and afar off rose the hills, their summit lost in the deep blue of the heavens. The carefully kept grounds of the asylum, immediately beneath us, looked like a map, gorgeous with its many hues of flowers.

"This is certainly a splendid view," I said.

"It is still better from the opposite side of the building," returned my guide. "Let us go over there."

Accordingly, we walked along the flat roof, the attendant taking the precaution to close the skylight behind us, lest any of the patients should be tempted to follow us. The Rushmore Asylum is some two hundred and fifty feet in length, and as we had emerged from the westerly end of the roof we had this considerable distance to walk. Suddenly, when we had reached a point about midway in the building, my companion stopped, and, turning upon me abruptly, said:

"Have you a large brain?"

I looked at him a little wonderingly, and then laughed as I replied:

"Well, if I have, the world has not discovered it!"

"Don't jest, sir," he said petulantly, and with a seriousness that flashed an unpleasant suspicion across my mind. "I wish to know distinctly whether or not you have a large brain?"

He was looking me full in the face, with a peculiar expression in his dark eyes which I had not before observed. There was not the slightest betrayal of levity in his manner. He was terribly in earnest. His thin, white fingers worked convulsively, and there was a twitching about the muscles of the mouth such as I have seen in persons suffering intense pain. The horrible truth flashed upon me as I returned his steadfast gaze.

This man was a maniac.

I am possessed, I fancy, with an average amount of courage, but at that moment I felt it oozing out of the very pores of my skin. I know that I turned deathly pale, and for a moment was utterly unable to think. Then I grew calmer. Doubtless this maniac had brought me onto the roof of the building with the idea of pushing me off. As matters already said, he was a small man. Physically, I was his superior. But I was without any weapon of defense. Suppose that he was armed?

"My good sir," I said, endeavoring to speak in a natural tone, "I can assure you that my brain is not a large one; and, as my time is somewhat limited, I think we had better go down now."

I made a movement as if to retrace my steps to the skylight. Quick as thought, the madman sprang in front of me, and, with his eyes glaring wildly, albeit he spoke in a low, unexcited voice, he said:

"I think your brain is large enough for my purpose, sir. You must understand that I have a great mission in this world to fulfill—a mission which I have not as yet even begun. The strain upon my own mental faculties will be too great; therefore I intend to take out your brain and insert it in my own head."

Here he drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a large-sized clasp-dagger, which he opened, and began to rub the blade up and down on the palm of his hand.

"I have given years of thought to this subject," he continued, "and I am convinced that I shall succeed. With a double brain-power, I shall be enabled to accomplish a double amount of brain-work. I have been waiting for a subject a long, long time, but not until I saw you did I find one suited to my purpose. You are the man—the brain for whom I have been watching!"

"I fear, my friend," I said I, "that you are sadly mistaken. Your idea is a grand one—an original one. But I am not fit to aid you in carrying it out. You should select a strong, active, healthy brain. Mine, on the contrary, is weak and diseased. Why, sir, up to the age of fourteen I was considered an idiot. Since then my friends will not permit me to have control of my own affairs. I am actually little better than a lunatic. I can neither read nor write. I ——"

"Nevertheless," he interrupted, "you will answer my purpose, and I am about to take out your brain with this dagger and insert it in my own head. I have brought you onto the roof here that we may be free from all interruptions. You will now oblige me by lying down!"

If my mind had been stunned by the first discovery of the man's madness, it was active enough now. A thousand schemes rushed through my brain. I took in the situation fully. I was alone with a maniac armed with an ugly weapon, and bent upon my destruction. To cry out would be useless. Nobody could hear me. The chances of any aid from those within the asylum were small indeed. I could not run away. If I attempted to gain the skylight, I would certainly be killed. The medicine-case in my hand suggested the thought which saved my life.

"If you are determined to make use of such an unworthy subject as I," I said, "well and good. I shall offer no further resistance. But I ask that you will grant me five minutes while I address a brief farewell to my friends. I will give it to you to deliver to them."

"Very well," he replied. "If you know how to write, proceed. I will wait five minutes."

He took up his position a few feet from me, watching every motion I made with horrible eagerness. I knelt down, with my back towards him, took from the medicine-case a bottle of chloroform (which I knew it contained), and saturated my handkerchief with the liquid. This I succeeded in doing without his knowledge. Then, rising to my feet, I scribbled some unintelligible words upon the back of an old envelope, and said:

"You will do me the honor to read what I have written here."

He came towards me, and while I held the envelope in my hand stood by my side and looked at the writing. I had the handkerchief in my right hand, and the envelope in my left. As he bent forward to decipher the words, I suddenly clutched his hand, which held the dagger, and at the same instant clapped the handkerchief over his mouth and nose. He struggled fiercely for a moment or two, and then the fumes of the drug began to tell upon him. His efforts to release himself grew weaker, and he finally fell to the roof, insensible.

With all haste I made my way to the skylight, down the spiral staircase and into the halls below. There I recounted what had happened, and two of the assistants were sent to bring down the murderous maniac. He recovered in good time from the effects of the chloroform, but the last I heard of him he was still looking for a suitable subject to furnish him an extra brain.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER, invented in England, is called "powder-paper." It is paper impregnated with a mixture of potassic chlorate, nitrate prussiate and chremate, powdered-wood charcoal and a little starch. It leaves no greasy residue on the gun, produces less smoke and less recoil, and is less impaired by humidity, and is five-sixteenths stronger than gunpowder.

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THE GOLDEN GLOW OF SUMMER.

MY LOVE AND I.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VAN DYKE BROWN.

Long ago, long ago, you and I together
Wandered in the golden glow of early Summer weather.

Love came, love came, closely treading after,
Kindled in our hearts a flame and turned the world to laughter.

Blushes sweet, blushes sweet, to your cheek upstarted,
Till the roses at your feet were not so crimson-hearted.

What I said, what I said, can you recall the story
Which turned your face so rosy red and filled the world with glory?

"Love is sweet, love is sweet," thus I spake unto you;
"Let me guide your willing feet, let me wed and woo you!"

And you said, and you said, blushing, O so sweetly:
"I have followed where you led; my heart is yours completely!"

Years have flown, years have flown, and yet, my love, I hold you,
For all the sorrows we have known, as dear as when I told you

Love is sweet, love is sweet; and walking now together,
Though drifts of snow be at our feet, we find it Summer weather.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER LIV.

Dangers that we see
To threaten much, are more prevented.
But those strike deadly that come unexpected.—MASSINGER.

As the time drew near for placing the last stone to the edifice which he had so skilfully planned and thus far executed, the man Melchior's spirits rose a little. He had worked, brain and hands, soul and mind, with every conceivable kind of villainy and chicanery, since the days when he parted with honor, and lately, as we have seen, the reaction had been creeping upon him. Now, with a mighty effort, he threw it off, and, emerging from the hotel—perfectly unconscious that two clever heads, which are proverbially better than one, were working out his destruction—trod with a light step down to Doctors' Commons. With the license in his pocket, he felt that his fortune was indeed midway in the building, my companion stopped, and, turning upon me abruptly, said:

"Have you a large brain?"

I looked at him a little wonderingly, and then laughed as I replied:

"Well, if I have, the world has not discovered it!"

"Don't jest, sir," he said petulantly, and with a seriousness that flashed an unpleasant suspicion across my mind. "I wish to know distinctly whether or not you have a large brain?"

He was looking me full in the face, with a peculiar expression in his dark eyes which I had not before observed. There was not the slightest betrayal of levity in his manner. He was terribly in earnest. His thin, white fingers worked convulsively, and there was a twitching about the muscles of the mouth such as I have seen in persons suffering intense pain. The horrible truth flashed upon me as I returned his steadfast gaze.

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I made a movement as if to retrace my steps to the skylight. Quick as thought, the madman sprang in front of me, and, with his eyes glaring wildly, albeit he spoke in a low, unexcited voice, he said:

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Here he drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a large-sized clasp-dagger, which he opened, and began to rub the blade up and down on the palm of his hand.

"I have given years of thought to this subject," he continued, "and I am convinced that I shall succeed. With a double brain-power, I shall be enabled to accomplish a double amount of brain-work. I have been waiting for a subject a long, long time, but not until I saw you did I find one suited to my purpose. You are the man—the brain for whom I have been watching!"

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"Nevertheless," he interrupted, "you will answer my purpose, and I am about to take out your brain with this dagger and insert it in my own head. I have brought you onto the roof here that we may be free from all interruptions. You will now oblige me by lying down!"

If my mind had been stunned by the first discovery of the man's madness, it was active enough now. A thousand schemes rushed through my brain. I took in the situation fully. I was alone with a maniac armed with an ugly weapon, and bent upon my destruction. To cry out would be useless. Nobody could hear me. The chances of any aid from those within the asylum were small indeed. I could not run away. If I attempted to gain the skylight, I would certainly be killed. The medicine-case in my hand suggested the thought which saved my life.

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He took up his position a few feet from me, watching every motion I made with horrible eagerness. I knelt down, with my back towards him, took from the medicine-case a bottle of chloroform (which I knew it contained), and saturated my handkerchief with the liquid. This I succeeded in doing without his knowledge. Then, rising to my feet, I scribbled some unintelligible words upon the back of an old envelope, and said:

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* Not an imaginary incident, as those familiar with the historical novel "Frederick the Great and His Court" will recall the proud Barbarina, who wounded herself in a similar manner for a somewhat similar cause

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"Half-past ten!" she repeated. "In half an hour you will force me to this! Can it be possible? How can such villainy be consummated undetected, unrestrained?"

He smiled.

"The very audacity, as you would call it—I call it courage—of the thing is its safeguard. Come, Leonora, one time you would have leaped with delight at the thought of such a fate. Am I grown so distasteful?"

She shuddered and walked to the door.

"At eleven," he said with emphasis as he held it open for her; "and while you are dressing I will tell the servants." He rang the bell. "Your mistress desires me to request your attendance, all of you, here in this room, at eleven o'clock," he said to the man.

The man bowed and hurried down to the servants' hall, whence there immediately arose a buzz of expectation, for by this time the rumor had reached the hall, and the visitor and his order confirmed it.

For half an hour the arch plotter paced the room, the special license in his hand, the darkening frown of a determined evil purpose on his face. As the clock struck eleven the servants filed into the room and stood silent and embarrassed, looking at one another and the tall, dark figure standing on the hearth-rug. He looked at his watch, and, as the rattle of carriage-wheels broke the silence and caused the footman to hurry out to the hall, said: "You all know why you are here? Your mistress is going to be married, and wishes you all to witness the ceremony. That is the clergyman—and who is he? You looked as the last words, and as the Druitt tramped slowly into the room close behind the curate of Cheriton.

"That is Jack Druitt, the lodgekeeper," said the housekeeper.

Melchior nodded, and old Jack tramped across the room and took up his position beside the French window.

The curate, a young man overcome with bashfulness in the magnificence of the hall and the sudden honor that had fallen upon him, shook hands with Melchior, and wiped the nervous perspiration from his face as the former explained in glib sentences the singularly short notice he had given.

"Lady Melville is too unwell to undergo a public ceremony, and I have matters of immense importance awaiting my attention in the East. I am compelled to start to-day, hence the short notice, which I hope has not inconvenienced you."

"Oh, no," stammered the young cleric, overwhelmed by the graciousness of this magnificent bridegroom, "not at all—only too happy to do anything—that is to—er—be of any service to Lady Melville."

"Thank you, thank you," said Melchior with another smile. "Ah, here is her ladyship," and, as the curate bowed, blushed and trembled, he went forward and took the thin, white hand and led her to the table.

"Have you the license?" said the curate, slipping on his surplice.

"Yes, yes," said Melchior. "It is here," and while the weak eyes of the curate scanned it his own gray, impatient ones glittered as if they could kill him.

"Quite correct," said the poor young fellow. "Stand this side, Lady Melville. Dear me, how ill—er—you look! Don't you think, sir, her ladyship had better wait a little ——"

Ill indeed!—ill unto death, one would have said, judging by the livid lips, strained, vacant eyes, and pallid face. But, pushing aside the servants, who drew near at this expression, Melchior replied, with suppressed passion:

"You will kill her ladyship indeed, sir, if you linger," and the alarmed curate opened his book in a fluster of consternation.

A dead silence fell as he commenced; but before a sentence was completed a sudden noise, like the flinging-open of the lodge gates, made all start, and the next moment the bursting-open of the room-door brought the curate up short. The women, wound up to this pitch of excitement, screamed as the door gave way with a crash; for, mysterious, that they had never heard Lady Melville was thinking of matrimony, that it was very soon after the funerals, and quoted with much effect Hamlet's sarcasm regarding thrift; but when, in answer to the objections, a second rumor gained ground that the fortunate gentleman was an old lover returned from India, or from foreign parts, then the groups and busybodies said:

"Well, well, it was only to be expected."

But, though the rumors were not denied, no preparations, strange to say, seemed being made at the hall, and no additional announcements had gone forth. Then came the postchaise and the steaming horses, and curiosity and excitement were on tiptoe. The news soon spread—indeed, the bridegroom's new servant, engaged only that day, helped to spread it—that the bridegroom had come, and that there would soon be a master at the hall. The bar of the inn was crowded all the early morning until the men were obliged to commence work. Small crowds collected at the grocer's and the tailor's, all talking at once, and declaring that they were perfectly aware of this great fact two months ago. Never had quiet Riversha'l been in such a state of excitement, and added to all maundered Jim, half-intoxicated already, and going over his old complaint of the heaviness of the Squire's coffin, and getting no attention from anybody. Excitement rose still higher when the great man of the hour descended from the best room of the inn, and, smiling "like a good-natured gentleman as he was" upon the open-mouthed group at the door, walked towards the grim old hall. Grim and silent it was indeed in comparison with the excitement without its walls. When the bridegroom rang the great bell, he might almost have been pardoned for fancying that it sounded like a funeral knell, so solemnly did it clang in the high turret.

Old Jack Druitt opened the gates leisurely, and raised his gnarled and knotted face to the fair and painted one of the visitor with a look of scornful interest. A man-servant, with the wisp of crape still round the arm, admitted him to the hall, and noiselessly opened the small drawing-room door. He entered, smiling still, and with a broader effulgence as the black-robed figure of his victim rose to meet him.

"Well, Leonora," he said, taking both her hands with an effort at playful tenderness that was simply ghastly, "I have come, you see!"

"You have come," she said, lifting her hollow-cheeked face and raising her lack-lustre eyes to his —"you have come to force me to this?"

"Gentle force only," he said, dropping her hands and striving to avert his gaze from her fearfully changed face in the still starling air of fascinated. "Only gentle force, Leonora. You knew I should come. Are you ready?"

"Ready," she repeated, as if the word bore no meaning for her.

"Aye," he said, glancing at her deep crape-dress. "You would go through the ceremony in black? Very well; it is the bride, and not the costume, I want," and he smiled again with the same ghastly result.

"Bride!" she repeated.

"Aye," he said, with a great show of impatience. "Come, rouse yourself to play your part. At eleven the ceremony will take place. I have arranged for a clergyman to be here at that hour, thinking you would like everything got through. At eleven."

"At eleven?" she repeated, putting her hand to her brow, and then, as she looked round the room, like one vainly struggling with a hideous dream, dropping it to her heart. "Well, you always had your will, always, and—at eleven."

"And it is now half-past ten," he said, looking hard at her vacant eyes.

CHAPTER LV.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.—YOUNG.

As the door gave way three persons entered—Sir Ralph, Lilian, and Claude Ainsley. The women folks shrieked, the men uttered ejaculations. Jack Druitt, who had seized Melchior, loosened his grasp to stare in amazement; and in the intense surprise and shock of the moment all forgot the unhappy woman for whom but a moment ago they had all eyes and ears, and let her sink into a chair and hide herself in the confused group disregarded. For a moment or so Melchior's head dropped upon his breast, and his brows knitted into great cords with the effort his acute brain was making to take in all the points of the situation. At the expiration of those few moments, he raised his head and turned his great, black eyes with a piercing gaze all round the room. The faces and forms of his enemies in the light were strongest and most daring villain quail. They seemed only to inspire him with fresh audacity and scorn, and, as with a sudden movement of his steely muscles he disengaged himself from the hands of the servants, he folded his arms across his chest, and in a low, compelling, mocking voice said to Sir Ralph, who, with Lilian on his arm, stood the foremost of the group:

"So, Sir Ralph Melville, you intend honoring our quiet nuptials with your stately presence? Ghost or no ghost, living or dead, you are welcome. You, too, my pretty young lady. I wish you joy of your restored animation and renewed health, Mr. Ainsley, too, if my eyes do not deceive me. Uninvited guests all, but no doubt welcome—eh, Lady Melville?"

All eyes followed his finger as he pointed it with suppressed, passionate hate and derision at the shrinking figure and vacant, horrified eyes of his victim.

With an unmeaning cry, she seemed about to fall from the chair; but Claude Ainsley motioned to the helpless and alarmed curate to support her, which he did, staring round with astonished face at the whole group. All this had not taken a moment in passing, and amid the confused buzzing that now arose of "Is it really Sir Ralph? What does it all mean?" Melchior spoke again.

"Come," he said, nodding at Claude Ainsley with a smile of malicious daring. "The plot is thickening. And you, I suppose, Mr. Ainsley, are the spokesman as well as the tool of the party? For I doubt not there is to be an oratorical display in the accusation, and that this highly dramatic scene has been properly rehearsed ——"

"Silence!" said Claude Ainsley's stern voice—"silence! Outside that door are two detectives. One such another sentence, and I hand you over to them without a word."

Melchior glanced at the door with a scornful smile.

"Bah," he said, showing his white teeth. "All thrown away, Mr. Ainsley. You should had left heroics for the Orientals. Silence is not my part. I think, and by Heaven I'll prove it! Now, sir, you, Sir Ralph, and my pretty young lady," and he nodded with a demoniacal grin at Lilian, who stood pale and agitated, with her eyes fixed upon Lady Melville, "what is the meaning of this sudden and unwelcome onslaught? You, Sir Ralph, seem to forget that, though your mysterious resurrection may be a pleasant surprise to some, it may not be so joyful an event to others. You forget at this moment, wonderful as it may seem, this lady—whose sudden indisposition your ill-timed advent has caused—is mistress of Rivershall, and will remain so until you prove your identity."

At the audacity of this speech, and the open defiance it indicated, a hum of astonishment from the crowd of servants, and Sir Ralph, crimson with rage, stepped forward.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "Mercy is thrown away on you. Mr. Ainsley, call in the officers!"

"One moment, I beg," said Claude Ainsley in a low voice. Then, turning to the defiant, motionless figure, crowned by its malicious, daring face, he said sternly: "Having made your idle defiance, now listen. Your impudent assurance is utterly futile. Your plot and the complete evidence of the crimes you have committed in its execution are in Sir Ralph's possession. You have witnesses to prove that you are Chevalier De Morni, forger and thief; Melchior, outlaw and murderer; Bromwell, sham doctor and concoctor of the vile plot to defraud Sir Ralph Melville of his estate. More yet—and keep silence or I call in the officers!—we have all the necessary evidence to convict you of another crime, and to hang you as surely as I drop this piece of paper. Now, Chevalier De Morni, Dr. Bromwell, Melchior the assasin, what have you to say? No more idle boasting or insolent defiance; one word of either will seal your doom. One thing only shall plead for you, and that is a full and complete confession."

Melchior showed his teeth, and, raising one white hand, blazing with the recently purchased diamonds, stroked his moustache.

"Confession!" he repeated in a low voice, moving his glittering eyes viciously round the group—"confession! Like a paltry thief, a common highway robber ——"

"Yes, and in full," said Claude Ainsley sternly, "leaving no single crime or its mode of perpetration unmitigated by the full penalty of punishment. Here are paper and pens, and I am ready to take down in the presence of these witnesses all you shall dictate. This, and this only, stands between you and the gallows."

Melchior looked at him, and his face went a shade whiter.

"You use hard and strong words, Mr. Ainsley. You will deserve the name I bestowed on you, if you waste your breath in threats you are unable to carry out. The indictment is a pretty one, but how are you to prove it? Proofs, my friend, proofs! You are a man of the world, Mr. Ainsley, and do not want reminding that a court of law requires something more tangible to convict a gentleman of such crimes as I am spite. You bestow on me a variety of ill-favored names. I retort: prove that I ever held them!"

"That is your answer," said Claude Ainsley, walking to the door as he spoke; "this is mine."

He opened the door, and there entered Clarence Clifford.

Unmoved, undaunted by all that had as yet occurred, treating the threatening murmurs of the crowd of servants and Claude Ainsley's stern warning with indifferent scorn, Melchior's composure and bravado melted like ice in a Summer's sun before this last arrival.

"What!" he breathed through his teeth. "You here, lad?"

"Aye, I," said Clarence Clifford sternly.

"You—you should be in France," said Melchior, with a vain and dreadful attempt at a smile. "What have my dogs done? Played me false! And so you are here, are you?" he continued, his voice gaining a savage intensity, and his eyes blazing with sardonic fury as they met Clarence's steadfast gaze. "You are a traitor, then, I suppose, hand in glove with the old idiot and the young. Ah!" he broke off, transferring his malicious glare from Clarence to Lilian for a moment. "You are the bait, my pretty one, are you? Wait a while! I've a word for your ears, and your doting father's. Aye," he went on, waving his hand in a wide sweep that included the whole crowd—"for you all! You are witnesses, they say, for the confession, and by Heaven you shall be! Hear me, then, you Wandering Jew! you catspaw! I am Melchior, the bank-note forger, I am Chevalier De Morni, I am half a hundred other creations that have outwitted and befooled you all until this last mistroke. But where's your triumph? Look there," and he pointed his long finger at the white face of Lady Melville, who was still clinging to the curate—"look there! Give us all our right names, and what is she? The pet child of an invalid—the heiress of Rivershall, and belief! Ah! you start, Mr. Ainsley. This cuts near home, doesn't it? Your old love a murderess! Is it possible? Aye, fool, it is. Ask herself. Ask her who gave the deadly water-flour to her supposed tool! Ask her of a certain lady beyond the seas now, by name Kate Lucas, and if she has enough sense left in her pitiful brain she'll tell you, and make you confession enough without mine! Ha, ha!" he laughed discordantly.

"So much for her and my pompous Squire. Look nearer home. Who is that young coxcomb your pretty lady clings to so fondly? Clarence Clifford you call him; I'll call him by another name! Forger, pickpocket, thief! Look at him, all of you! That aristocratic gentleman is the lad Cli Melchior, the bank-forger's tool and assistant. Look at his white hands. Ha! ha! Many a counterfeit sovereign has he stamped! By Heaven! he engraved the false plate itself! Ha, Sir Ralph, your face falls, does it? The prospect is not so nice, eh? A young jail-bird, a felon's assistant, a waif from the thieves' gutter, for a son-in-law! Oh, was there ever such a catastrophe?"

With fiendish mockery, he threw up his hands and laughed till the room re-echoed it.

"I have lost one stake, but I have gained the game. Look at me, Sir Ralph Melville, and look at that pitiful sister-in-law of yours. I am the man whom he cuthid. You Melvilles, all look at me! I am he who swore to hate you while I had the heart to hate, and to revenge my wasted life on your cursed race while one member of it remained. Have I not done it? Look at the woman who played me false, who took a boy's true heart, sucked it dry, and threw it aside with a laugh for an old man's wealth and title. Have I not revenged

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AN EVENING WITH THE MINSTRELS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Good-evening, gentlemen; and you, Misters Bones and Tambo, how fares the world with you?

BONES.—Dat's jist what de boss remarked las' Satterday night, when he said he t'ought he could 'spense wid my ferder services—fare well, said he; but I is faring wuss dan ebber.

TAMBO.—Dat's de same case wid me; de boss told me, if I was willin' to work nineteen hours a day for free dollars a week, he'd go right on; but I 'acused him and left de ranche.

INTERLOCUTOR.—It's hard times, boys; but never despair. Now, while we are waiting for the resumption of specie-payments, suppose we have one of those old-fashioned jamborees we used to have on the old plantation years before the war.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

LAND OF THE SUGAR-CANE AND CORN.
A Reminiscence of the Old Plantation.

BY J. D. NEPPERT.

I'm thinking of the time, down among the sugar-cane,
When the darkies' merry voices you could hear—
From early morn till night 'twas ever dere delight
To sing an' dance, for no one did they fear.
When de war broke out, no more dat joyous shout,
For all was quiet 'mong de corn an' cane;
Dere dey could not stay, so dey trabeled far away—
Dere hearts filled full ob sorrow and ob pain.

Chorus.

Den I nebber shall forget, 'tis in my memory yet,
De scenes dat have passed away and gone;
I'll trabel night an' day to my home, so far away,
Down in de land ob de sugar-cane and corn.

I think I see again my cabin in de lane,
An' de darkies all a-sittin' round de door;
De banjo it am ringin', and de lambs are all a-singing',
While de gals and boys am dancin' on de floor.
But, alas! dem days am gone, an' sadly I mourn,
For I miss some ob de friends I used to love;
An' lonely do I roam, far from friends an' home,
Waitin' for de good Lor' to take me up above.

Chorus.

Den I nebber shall forget, 'tis in my memory yet,
De scenes dat have passed away an' gone;
I'll trabel night an' day to my home, so far away,
Down in de land ob de sugar-cane an' corn.

INT.—That brings back recollections of happy days, never, perhaps, to come again.

BONES.—I wish I was back on dat old plantation, wid kind old massa and missis a-lookin' at de hands as dey sung and danced when de day's work was ober.

TAMBO.—Let's get up a plantation ob our own, well stocked wid black folks, and hosses and cows, and spring chickens, and mince-pie and cane.

INT.—Hold up, Tambo; you're carrying your imagination too far. Perhaps our brother on the right will tamborate a little, and give us his experience of the old times.

POOR OLE UNCLE JAKE.

I left dat dear ole home down South,
'Twas many years ago;
I'm roaming far away from dar,
And my heart am filled wid woe;
To reach dat dear old spot again
One effort more I'll make—
White folks, please take pity on
Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

Chorus.

I'm trabling back home,
I'm trabling back home;
To reach dar one effort more I'll make;
I'm trabling back home,
I'm trabling back home;
Den, white folks, please take pity on
Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

I'll ne'er forget de day I left,
Wid a heart so light and gay;
I bid de darkies all good-bye
Befo' I came away;
De little children, too, did come,
A kind farewell to take—
If alive, dey'll all be glad to see
Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

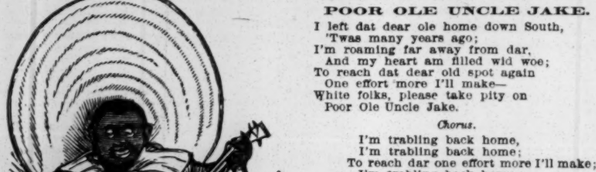
Chorus.

I'm trabling back home, etc.

Ole massa he am dead and gone,
And good ole missus, too;
O golly! I did love dem so,
Dey was so kind and true;
I feel dat I must soon go dar,
Dat place whar none forsake,
And de angels dey will welcome home
Poor Ole Uncle Jake.

Chorus.

I'm trabilin back home, etc.



UNCLE JAKE.

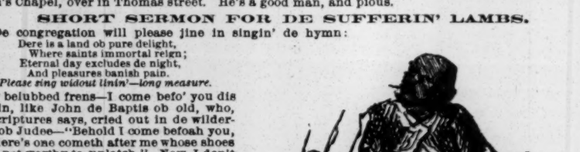
BONES.—Wheneber I hear anyt'ing like dat, I just feel like goin' down to the end ob de pier, and crying till dinner-time. I wish dere nebber had bin any war; den we might all be joyin' our hominy and hoecake, like we did when de times was good, and cotton-pickin' was libely. Wish I was dead.

TAMBO.—Dat's jist what I said when de ole fadder and mudder and little brudders and sister was a-starvin' in de lowlands low, after de broke-out ob de war, and dar wasn't no rashins for de famishin' sufferers. Many's de time since dat sorrowful day dat I have mourned, and longed to be at rest wid de old folks on de golden shore.

INT.—Why, Tambo, you are allowing your feelings to get the better of you. Cheer up, cheer up; there's a better day a-coming. But while we are all in this sad train of thought about old times and old homes, and old parents who are now singing praise in the new Jerusalem, our newly-arrived friend and brother Pasha Achmet Johanna Bensonski, from the land of the Bosphorus and the "far Cathay," will favor us with a few remarks on the situation and the prominent issues of the day. Before our dear brother went away to become a Pasha, he was one of the shining lights of Brother Allen's Chapel, over in Thomas street. He's a good man, and pious.

SHORT SERMON FOR DE SUFFERIN' LAMBS.

De congregation will please jine in singin' de hymn:
Dere is a land ob pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes de night,
And pleasures banish pain.
Please sing widout linin'—long measure.



JOHN BENSON AS HE IS.

My belubbed frens—I come befo' you dis ebenin, like John de Baptis ob old, who, de Scriptures says, cried out in de wilderness ob dudes.—"Behold I come befoah you," but dere's one cometh after me whose shoes I am not worthy to unlatch." Now, I don't want de brederen and sistern to spese dat I want to pare myself wid de great 'postle; case de 'postle, so de Scriptures says, had a ledder-girdle about his lions, and his ober coat was made out ob camel's hair, and he made his meals out ob locust and wild onions. Dey don't wear dem kind ob clothes nowadays, and don't eat dat kind ob grub; but my bisness is jist de same as de 'postle, to cry out in de wilderness to sufferin' sinners. Now, I spec de old preacher was a hard-shell Baptis, and believed in gwine away down to de banks ob de Hudson Riber, on de shad-fishin'-grounds, and baptisin' de sinners by dippin' 'em in de water; but dat don't make no kind ob difference—de sinner's got to repent ob his sins—It don't make no difference wedder a sinner am dipped in de water or hab it frowed all ober him wid a watah-pot. But I must get down to de pint ob de business. Somewhar widin de limits ob dis book, I dont know zactly 'bout de page, you'll find dese words recorded: "And dey shall walk de streets ob de New Jerusalam." I don't spec to occupy much ob your valuable time dis ebenin', 'count of so many de congregation livin' out at service, and hab to be in foah ten o'clock; but, oh! my belubbed frens, dere's a time comin' when dere will be no more service (none but de service ob de great Massa); no more gwine 'bout dese low grounds ob sorrow; no more habin' de time fixed to go home; no more follin' in de wraisins; no more waitin' in de room for de late-hour sinners comin' home from de vulgarities, and squeezin' lemons at de playhouse, to stop and buy a bowl ob pepperpot or clam-soup. No, my belubbed hearers, no servants dere, no color dere—all washed and made white. [*What do you say, Paul, what do you say?*] Dough yer sins am red like de crimson, dey shall be made white as de wool. [*Hallelee.*] No more callin' out in de streets after de man ob color: "*Dere goes a niggah.*" O no! [*Hear 'em talkin'.*] All wearin' de white robe, and walkin' de streets ob de New Jerusalam. Why, my belubbed frens, dars hard times since de war; de Centennial was gwine to make eberybody rich, but it didn't; all de colored folks round Sullivan street 'spected to lay up money; dere was gwine to be so much washin' done; but oh my! what wid de Chinese and de low trash niggahs from de country and down Delawah, dere was no chance for a 'spectable cullard pusson to make a libbin', and we hab to hoe 'long de same old row; but nebber mind, de day's comin', de light in de east am breakin', dere's signs and tokens in de sky. What does de good book say: "Dere shall be wars and rumors ob war. Look to de East. What's de matter? What's de matter wid de Rushin' bear and de man what's sick ob turkey! You don't know? Look in de good book and see de signs. Wake up, scoffers! shake de dry bones [*Oh, my lambs!*]; wake up, you unbelievers. [*Marster, help!*] Dere's no time to trifle, no time to jest [*good Lor'*]; and in dat day dere will be callin' on de rocks and de pallisades ob Nebersink to fall and hide you from de wrath to be. What will ye do when de trumpet sounds. But my time's growing short; twenty minutes ob ten. I must git way. Hold on, true beliebers, hold on! hold on, de end is neah! and dey shall walk de streets ob de New Jerusalam. I add no more.

BONES.—Dat's a bully sermon, Mister Johnsing. Do dey want any more Pashas ober dere?

INT.—Not very likely, Bones. While the good effects of the discourse are being digested, our tan-colored brother of the Left-centre kindly proposes to sing his touching ballad

IN THE LOWLANDS.

BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

LILY, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

As the sunset gilds the pasture
Where the lazy cattle browse,
Through the clover trips a maiden
Calling to the lowing cows:
"Sukey, Bessie, Blossom, Browser,
Come, I'm waiting," Lily said
As the sunshine kissed the ringlets
Curling round her shapely head.

Chorus.—Busy Lily, is she conscious,
As her nimble fingers fly,
Of the glowing-featured lover
Who is watching closely by?

Lower, lower, creeps the sunshine;
Closer, closer, draws the shade
Warmer, warmer, glows his bosom
As he hastens o'er the plain.
Lily's task is hardly finished
Ere his arms are round her pressed,
And her fluttering form is clinging
To her lover's pulsing breast.

Chorus.—All forgotten are the cattle,
Standing near the meadow-bars,
While the lovers, still caressing,
Little heed the laughing stars.

TAMBO.—I knowed dat gal.

INT.—Nonsense, Tambo; you were never near the spot where she resided.

TAMBO.—Hope I may die; knew de gal fore she growed up, knew de gal when she was a young woman, and I knew her ——

INT.—There, there; you never saw her at all.

BONES.—Yes, he did; I knew de gal, too; use to take notes to her from dat very man dat de song tell about meeting in de lowlands.

INT.—You are both in error; you have mistaken some Charleston girl for Lily. So let's have no more words upon that head. We will conclude the entertainment with

TWO MOKES FROM ALABAM.

PLANTATION SONG-AND-DANCE.

DEDICATED TO JOHNSON AND BRUNO BY TONY ADAMS.

We are two happy, rollicking little nigs—
We're the liveliest mokes upon the old plantation;
We're up to time in dancing reels or jigs,
We overflow with life and animation;
When our work is done we have our fun—
Just beat us if you can,
For we are the boys that's full of fun and noise—
We're two acrobatic mokes from Alabam.
Chorus.—For we're the boys to show them how (*Break.*)
To trip the light fantastic toe; (*Break.*)
There is no use of talking,
We're the finest in the land—
Naught can beat or aught compete
With two mokes from Alabam. (*Dance.*)

Our work is done just as the sun goes down—
We're up again as soon as day is breaking;
After hash we make the air resound
With revelry, and the sounds of banjo-raking;
We're sorry, but we have to go
Down, way down, in the sugar-cane;
But before we leave we promise you to call
And to sing and dance for you all again.
Chorus.—For we're the boys to show them how (*Break.*)
To trip the light fantastic toe; (*Break.*)
There is no use of talking,
We're the finest in the land—
Naught can beat or aught compete
With two mokes from Alabam. (*Dance.*)

COPY OF THE LAST BILL EVER ISSUED OF AN EXHIBITION FOR BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, SMITHFIELD, ENG., in 1843.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON!!!
THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD
now exhibiting alive
AT THE GLOBE COFFEE-HOUSE, No. 30 KING STREET, SMITHFIELD,
A FEMALE CHILD WITH TWO PERFECT HEADS,
Named Elizabeth Bedbury, daughter of Daniel and Jane Bedbury, born at Wandsworth, Surrey, April 17, 1842. The public is respectfully informed that the child is now LIVING; and hundreds of persons has been to see it, and declares that it is the most Wonderful Phenomenon of Nature they'd ever seen.

ADMISSION, 1D. EACH.
No deception; if dissatisfied, the money returned.

BASEBALL.

HARTFORD vs. BOSTON.

The fifth game between these clubs was played on the Union Ground, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 12, and, as a close contest was expected, the attendance was larger than at any previous game of the series in Brooklyn, over a thousand people being within the inclosure. Just before the game began a noteworthy trio of veterans were to be seen talking together near the infield, the three being none other than Pearsall, the old first-baseman of the Excelsior nine of 1860, whom we had not seen on a ball-field in sixteen years; George Flanly, the old Excelsior out-fielder; and Harry Wright, who first learned to play baseball in the Knickerbocker nine of 1861. Near by was Forsyth, too, of the old Gothams. Pearsall has returned to the North permanently. He says he can play ball just as well as ever, and he was the model first-baseman of his day.

Those who came to see the Bostons retrieve their lost laurels of the previous contest were sadly disappointed. It is not often that the "Reds" have been seen to such disadvantage in Brooklyn as in these two games, especially the last. They failed at the bat and in fielding, and especially in pitching. We have not before seen Bond pitch with so little judgment since he became a noted player in the position as he did in this game. He went in for pace apparently, regardless of cost, and sent in the balls as if he had a cast-iron man to catch for him. Flucky as Brown faces Bond's difficult and punishing music, and active and effective as he is behind the bat, he had a task to perform in this game beyond the power of any catcher, and that is to catch for a pacing pitcher who allows his temper to get the better of him. In this respect his pitching was in striking and inferior contrast to that of Larkin, who in these two games excelled Bond in every point of play belonging to the pitcher's position, inasmuch as he did not pitch a wild ball or allow a base to be taken on called balls, and had not a single run earned against him, and but seven base-hits in eighteen innings' play. Moreover, he had not a fielding error charged to him on which a base was run or a life given, while five men struck out from his pitching. On the other hand, Bond allowed bases to be run on wild pitches, committed fielding as well as pitching errors; had three runs earned from his delivery, and twenty-one base-hits made, while not a man struck out from it. We present this contrast just to show that there is not the difference in favor of Bond's delivery which was claimed for him after the games played in Boston. As regards the general fielding support, there was no comparison in the Boston's fielding to that of the Hartfords, especially in this last match, in which the Hartfords literally played a faultless fielding game, not a solitary error being justly charged to them in the entire game. In this respect the contest was without a precedent on the Union grounds, and it was the first time we have ever seen a match played in which both nines did not commit more or less errors.

In the first three innings neither side scored, though a dropped fly-ball by Bond gave the first striker a life in the third inning. A fine fly-up catch by Brown, however, kept it from yielding a run. In the fourth inning the Hartfords hit Bond for three hits, but a double-play by George Wright prevented more than a single run, a passed ball assisting. In the fifth inning three runs were scored off a single base-hit, three wild pitches assisting, and seven errors marking the play of the Bostons, bad throwing and muffing being indulged in to a considerable extent. In the sixth, two more were added off a single-base hit, errors by Bond, Murnan, Sutton and Brown assisting. In the eighth inning a three-baser by York, followed by single base-hits by Cassidy and Harbidge, earned a run. In the last inning another base-hit and a wild pitch came near yielding an additional run, but a fine play by Morrill stopped it. Morrill played finely in his position throughout, he fielding out three men himself, besides making a good catch. White, too, did active work at right field. George Wright played better than before, but still fell far to his mark, he not picking up balls cleanly. batting, only two of the nine made base-hits—Wright and Morrill, each scoring a single only. In fact, Larkin outpitched them entirely, the chancing given of the bat being nearly all easy ones, showing that it was the pitching that did it. In only four instances were the balls hit to the fielders difficult to get at or hold, and that was in the case of two sent to Ferguson, one to Larkin and one to York. The Bostons went to the bat only twenty-eight times. In the first game they went to the bat thirty-three times. The Hartfords did not bat so well as before, nor run bases so well, but their fielding was faultless. Joe Start averaged over eighteen men put out in the two games, nineteen in one and eighteen in the other, without assistance. Burdock and Carey took in everything within reach, as did Ferguson. The pitching and catching, too, were, as in the first game, up to the highest mark. Harbidge made a feature of quick returns to the pitcher, a strong point for a catcher to play, and will prove advantageous in the coming games to give Bond a rest, and to let the White brothers take charge of the Boston batteries. Brown has had tough work to attend to, and should be allowed an opportunity to recuperate. Leonard was missed at short field in this game. The umpiring was very good.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsth, c. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0	G. Wrig't, 2b	4	0	1	2	7	2
Start, 1st b.	5	1	2	13	0	0	White, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	5	1	2	3	5	0	O'Rourke, l f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Carey, s. s.	4	0	2	1	5	0	Sutton, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	1	2
Ferguson, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	0	Brown, c.	3	0	0	5	0	4
York, l. f.	4	2	3	1	0	0	Schafer, s. s.	3	0	0	2	2	1
Cassidy, r. f.	4	2	2	1	0	0	Morrill, 1st b	3	0	0	11	0	0
Harbidge, c.	4	0	1	3	1	0	Murnan, c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Larkin, p.	4	1	0	0	3	0	Bond, p.	3	0	0	1	0	5
Totals	39	7	11	27	17	0	Totals	28	0	2	27	9	15

Hartford	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	0	1	0	0	1	0—7
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base by errors—Hartford, 8; Boston, 3. Runs earned—Hartford, 1; Boston, 0. Bases earned by running—by Burdock, 1; Ferguson, 1; Larkin, 1; Morrill, 1. Left on base—Hartford, 7; Boston, 5. Double-plays—Ferguson, Harbidge, 1; Morrill, 1. Double-plays—by George Wright and Morrill, and by Burdock and Start. Struck out—Wright, 1; Sutton, 1; Murnan, 1. Balls called—on Bond, 14; on Larkin, 13. Fouls struck—from Bond, 21; from Larkin, 15. Strikes called—on Bond, 18; from Larkin, 21. Wild pitches—by Bond, 4; by Larkin, 3. Base on called balls—from Bond, 0; from Larkin, 0. Assistance on strikes—by Bond, 0; by Larkin, 3. Umpire, Mr. Kenney of the Atlantic Club. Time, 2h.

LOUISVILLE vs. CHICAGO.

The Kentucky nine have the "crow" on the White Stockings in the series of games between them. They obtained it on Monday, June 11, when their postponed match took place at Chicago, Ill., and was won by the Louisvilles by one run in a thirteen-innings game. Good play was the rule up to the ninth inning, when the Chicagos had the Kentuckies at their mercy, and tied the score as follows: Gerhardt hit safe to right field. Craver and Shaffer made outs, then Devlin sent one to Peters, which was well thrown to first, but disastrously muffed by Spalding. Devlin then stole second on McVey's error. Snyder hit safely to right field, scoring Devlin, he letting the player safe, while Devlin went to third. A base-hit by Crowley brought the latter home, and tied the score. In the thirteenth inning Peters made a pun, and a muff off of Shaffer and a clean hit by Spalding. The game was won by Crowley's two-base hit, Kaine's single and Hall's two bases, following each other.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hines, c. f.	6	1	2	2	0	0	Latham, l b	6	1	2	16	0	4
McVey, 3d b.	4	1	0	1	2	1	Hague, 3d b.	6	0	0	1	3	0
Anson, c.	5	0	1	13	1	0	Hall, l. f.	6	0	3	2	0	0
Peters, s. s.	4	1	2	1	0	4	Gerhardt, 2b	4	1	1	1	1	0
Glenn, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Craver, s. s.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Spalding, 1st b	5	0	1	11	0	0	Shaffer, r. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, 2d b.	3	0	0	3	0	1	Devlin, p.	4	0	0	0	5	0
Bradley, p.	3	0	0	1	4	0	Snyder, c.	4	0	0	7	0	2
Waite, r. f.	1	0	0	2	0	0	Crowley, c. f.	6	1	2	4	0	0
Totals	39	3	7	36	8	6	Totals	53	3	5	14	20	12

Chicago	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—3
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	—3

Runs earned—Chicago, 2; Louisville, 2. Two-base hits—Chicago, 1; Louisville, 3. First base on errors—Chicago, 7; Louisville, 5. Left on bases—Chicago, 11; Louisville, 10. Bases on called balls—off Bradley and Devlin, 1 each. Passed balls—Snyder, Mr. Mack. Time, 2h. 30m.

Good batting at the right moment enabled the Chicagos to obtain a victory in another meeting with the Louisvilles June 12. When the Whites went to the bat in the ninth inning the game was a tie, 3 to 3, McVey reaching first by forcing out Hines, who had made a clean hit. Anson followed with one which neither Craver or Gerhardt could handle. Peters sent them a base along on his out, and Glenn brought both in by a corking one to left centre.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hines, c. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0	Latham, 1 b	4	0	0	14	0	0
McVey, 3d b.	4	1	0	1	2	1	Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	1
Anson, c.	4	1	2	2	1	0	Hall, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Peters, s. s.	4	1	2	1	0	4	Gerhardt, 2 b	4	1	1	1	1	0
Glenn, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Craver, s. s.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Spalding, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	0	Shaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, 2d b.	3	0	0	3	0	1	Devlin, p.	4	0	0	0	5	0
Bradley, p.	3	0	0	1	4	0	Snyder, c.	4	0	0	7	0	2
Waite, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0	Crowley, c. f.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	33	3	8	27	11	9	Totals	32	1	3	27	20	3

Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Allegheny, 2. First base on errors—Allegheny, 1; Lowell, 2. Left on bases—Allegheny, 4; Lowell, 1. Two-base hits—F. Whitney, 1; Nelson, 2; Goodman, 1. Three-base hit—Creamer, 1. Base on called balls—Crane, 1. Called balls—Foley, 6; Galvin, 13. Called strikes—of Foley, 16; Galvin, 11. Passed ball—Dolan, 1. Umpire, Charles Barnard. Time, 2h.

WILLIAMSPORT vs. SUNBURY.

The Williamsport B. B. C. visited Sunbury, Pa., June 7, and played the nine of that place with the following result:

WILLIAMSPORT.	R.	SUNBURY	R.
McCartney, c.	2	Beardsley, s. s.	0
H. Lyons, 1st b.	1	Carr, c.	0
Moore, s. s.	1	Reed, r. f.	0
Powell, c. f.	1	R. Krohn, 3d b.	0
Hemperly, l. f.	0	McClure, 2d b.	1
W. Lyons, r. f.	2	Poormon, p.	1
Stovey, 2d b.	1	J. Krohn, c. f.	1
Ward, p.	0	Mortin, 1st b.	0
Bowers, 3d b.	0	Neuer, l. f.	0
Total	8	Total	4

Total base-hits—Williamsport, 16; Sunbury, 4. Struck out—Williamsport, 3; Sunbury, 13.

The return game was played at Williamsport June 9, when the Williamsport boys again took Sunbury in:

SUNBURY.	R.	WILLIAMSPORT.	R.
Beardsley, s. s.	1	McCartney, c.	1
McClure, c.	1	Moore, s. s.	1
Reed, r. f.	0	Powell, c. f.	0
R. Krohn, 3d b.	1	Hemperly, l. f.	0
Poormon, p.	0	Lyon, 1st b.	0
J. Krohn, 2d b.	0	Stovey, 2d b.	1
Mortin, 1st b.	0	Ward, p.	1
Eisley, l. f.	0	Crosthwaite, c.	1
Neuer, r. f.	0		
Total	3	Total	6

Total base-hits—Sunbury, 4; Williamsport, 6.

Communications for the Williamsport Club should be addressed to John J. Moltz, manager, Williamsport, Pa.

ALLEGHENY vs. LOWELL.

Notwithstanding that they far excelled their visitors in fielding, the batting superiority of the latter caused the defeat of the Lowell (Mass.) Club in a game contested on the grounds of the last-mentioned, June 12.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvey, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Crane, 2d b.	2	0	1	6	0
Williamson, 2b.	0	0	0	3	0	F. Whitney, l f	1	0	1	2	0
Dolan, c.	0	0	8	1	2	Foley, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Nelson, s. s.	0	3	2	2	0	Piggott, r. f.	0	0	0	7	1
Goodman, 1st b	0	1	7	0	1	A. Whitney, 3b.	0	0	2	2	0
Cramer, l. f.	0	1	2	0	1	Hawes, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Galvin, p.	0	0	1	4	3	Libby, 1st b.	0	2	7	0	0
Holbert, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	S. Wright, s. s.	0	1	0	1	1
Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	3	0	0	Knight, 1st b.	0	0	13	0	0
Totals	0	7	27	10	7	Totals	3	4	27	21	3

Allegheny	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	—3
Lowell	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—3

Earned runs—Allegheny, 2. First base on errors—Allegheny, 1; Lowell, 2. Left on bases—Allegheny, 4; Lowell, 5. Two-base hits—Foley, Nelson, 2; Goodman, 1. Three-base hit—Cramer, 1. Base on called balls—Galvin, 1. Called balls—Foley, 6; Galvin, 13. Called strikes—of Foley, 16; Galvin, 11. Passed ball—Dolan, 1. Umpire, Charles Barnard. Time, 2h.

RING vs. TROY CITY.

One thousand people witnessed the game between the Troy City nine of Troy and the Rings of Cohoes, N. Y., on the grounds of the latter, at Adams Island, June 9. The betting before the game was in favor of the visiting club at odds of $70 to $50, with takers for all. The Rings led off at the bat with two runs in the first inning, the Troy Citys getting a blinder, which changed the betting $30 to $40 on the Rings, with no takers. After this inning blinders were in order until the fourth, when Foley added one to the Rings' score, the finest hit of the game, by which he made two bases and the last run. The feature of the game was the pitching and catching of Foley and Taylor of the Rings, and a magnificent catch by Ledwith on third.

TROY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	RING.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Evers, 1st b.	0	0	4	4	1	McCorm'k, s. s.	0	0	1	1	0
Lavin, p.	0	0	2	2	6	Dyke, l. f.	0	1	2	1	1
Lawlor, c.	0	1	6	2	2	Smith, 2d b.	0	1	2	0	1
Howe, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0	Foley, p.	2	3	2	1	2
Doyle, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Alcombrae, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
O'Leary, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1	Bridy, 1st b.	0	0	8	1	0
Moran, c. f.	0	0	2	3	0	Taylor, c.	0	2	8	4	0
Waltz, l. f.	0	0	7	0	0	Ledwith, 3d b.	0	0	3	1	2
Kane, 2d b.	0	0	3	3	0	Williamson, r.f.	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	0	1	27	18	10	Totals	3	8	27	9	7

Runs earned—Ring, 1. First-base by errors—Ring, 1; Troy, 3. Double-plays—Foley and Bridy, 1; Kane and Evers, 2. Bases on called balls—Ring, 1; Troy, 1. Umpire, John H. Eagan. Time, 2h. 5m.

LIVINGSTON vs. ERIE AND STAR.

On Thursday, June 7, the Eries defeated the Livingtons of Geneseo, N. Y., at that place, by the following score:

ERIE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LIVINGSTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smiley, s. s.	0	2	1	1	0	Hayes, c.	0	0	5	0	2
Talley, r. f.	0	0	0	2	0	Calder, p.	0	1	1	2	0
Leary, p.	0	0	0	3	2	Snyder, 2d b.	1	0	5	4	3
Heiler, 1st b.	0	1	15	0	0	Whitney, l. f.	0	2	1	1	0
Curry, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	0	Sutton, s. s.	0	1	1	0	0
Phillips, 3d b.	2	1	1	2	1	Purcell, 3d b.	0	0	3	0	2
Dillon, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0	Leonard, c. f.	0	0	3	2	1
Quinn, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0	Wadsworth, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, c.	1	1	5	4	4	Wilbur, 1st b.	2	1	10	0	0
Totals	6	8	27	13	7	Totals	3	5	27	13	11

Erie	0	1	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	—6
Livingston	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—3

On the 9th a game was contested by the Livingstons and Stars of Rochester, upon the same grounds, the local team winning:

STAR.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LIVINGSTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
J. Burke, 2d b.	1	0	3	0	0	Hayes, c.	1	3	10	1	0
Hunt, s. s.	0	0	1	6	0	Calder, p.	1	1	1	2	3
Somers, p.	0	0	2	3	4	Snyder, c. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Martin, 1st b.	0	1	10	0	2	Gill, 2d b.	0	1	3	2	0
Fheiler, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Whitney, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Wolcott, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	0	Sutton, s. s.	1	1	0	2	0
Toole, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Sullivan, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
M. Burke, l. f.	0	0	7	0	0	Hastings, c.	0	0	1	5	2
Painter, c.	0	0	7	0	2	Quinten, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	3
Totals	1	1	27	9	9	Gillespie, 3d b.	1	0	0	0	0
						Walsh, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	1	1	27	9	9	Totals	9	10	27	10	4

Star	0	0	0	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June18.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Grace 3c.
Allen, Mad. (glass artist)
Bart, Fannie
Bennett, Eva
Binnie, Hattie L.
Brooks, Una (of Soldier's Co.)
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia P. (2)
Bascomb, Laura
Blande, Edith
Clifton, Viola
Cannon, Mrs. Mary
Cawthorne, Mrs. R. E.
Casell, Madam
Claire, Maggie
Dare, Leona
Davis Family
Edwards, Louise
Evans, Lizzie
Fleemming, Nellie (2)
Forrest, Kittie
Fox, Annie
Foy, Ada
Fisher, Kate
French, The Twin Sisters
Forest, Ida K.
Golden, Annie
Gardner, Mrs. Ida
Grahom, Tillie
Gray, Ada
Getchell, Sadie
German, Nellie
Hughes, Miss (of Bouclcault's Co.)
Hallett, Alta (trapezist)
Howard, Nellie (vocalist)
Herbert, Emilie
Hindle, Annie
Hedley, Grace
Howard, Bertha (variety "biz")
Irwin Sisters
Johns, Effie
Leston, Millie (vocalist)
Leyborn, Emma (vocalist)
La Vane, Belle (variety "biz")
Laiscelle, Alice
Lee, Rose
Lidella, Mlle.
Laverde, Kittie
Lavell, Eugenie
Love Sisters
Leslie, Mrs. H.
Michel, Rose
Murray, Henrietta
Miller, Mrs.
Murray, Mrs. Ed.
Montello, May
McGowan, Alice
Mortimer, Katelie
Monzert, Belle
Merrett, Georgie
Oates' Co., Bus. manager of Mrs. Pindy, Mrs. Jno.
Putnam, Katie
Parker, Kittie (2)
Prestige, Fannie
Putnam, Maude
Rosa, Millie (2)
Rainford, Alice (2)
Ransom, Alice H.
Roseson, Erba V. (2)
Russell, Lottie (of Duclo's Co.) (2)
Shanley, Josephine
St. Felix, Mad.
Stanley, Maude
Shaw, Dora
Shelton, Lizzie
St. Felix, Clementine
Taylor, Maggie
Turnour, Hepsey
Tiffaney, Annie
Ward
Van Zandt, Inez
Warner, Josie
Wood, Mrs. Fannie
Willin, Mrs.
Young, Nellie
Zanfretta, Mrs. "Dodjr"
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Almonte, C. (of Almonte Bros.)
Aldrich, F. J.
Armstrong & Lamont
Adams, E. A.
Adams, Grimaldi
Arbuckle, O. S.
Adams & Lee
Ameer, Harry (actor)
Birch, Wambold & Bacher
Bailey, Gilley
Bosworth, Frank
Baugh, Thos. (musician)
Boles, M.
Baldwin, Ed. (gymnast)
Bangs, F. C.
Balrus, C. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Barlow Bros.
Barnum, Geo. W
Bassett, C. M.
Breyer, W. (of "Enoch Ard.")
Berger, Fred. G.
Buckley, Harry
Blossom, "Nat"
Boyd, A. T. (actor)
Barrett, Ed. (comed.)
Barton, W. C. (2)
Benedict, "Lew" (2)
Bucklin, Jno. (song and dance)
Buckley, Harry (actor)
Bancroft, Jno. (actor)
Barnum, H. (of Howe Cir.)
Bailey, G. W.
Benford, "Sam"
Benson, Wood
Barker, Chas.
Buemont, Jas.
Burgess, "Neil" (2)
Bailey, Harry
Campbell, C. J.
Crime, Girolamo
Cooper, W. H. "Cincinnatus"
Cassell, W. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Cook, Jas. (of Clark, J. W. (banjo-maker)
Clark, Ed.
Cassidy, G. H.
Connors, —(of Connors & Kelley)
Coleman, D.
Chesley, J. (of Callender's Minst.)
Cohan, Geo.
Cooper, A. (leader)
Cooper, Maurice (p. o. m. Canada)
Crosley, Chas. A.
Callender, Chas.
Clark, J. A.
Cordona, Harry
Campbell, C. (of Soldier's Co.)
Cushman, Frank
Carner, J. W.
Cellini, Tito
Clark, G. B.
Curtis, Frank I.
Drake, S. M.
Davis, "Jew" H.
Dupree, C. H. (2)
Denport, Harry
Devoneau, C.
Darton, Robt.
De Haven, G. (with "Rom. Hippo.")(2)
Dutton, Chas. (p. o. m. New Zealand)
Davies, H. L.
De Forest, H. F.
De Forest, Frank
Demott, Jas. (manager)
De Haven, Geo. W. (manager)
De Haven, Claude
Donahy, Jno. (of Chicago)
Dixon, Fred.
Dade, Chas
Durand, W. W.
Emery, "Will"
Emidy, J. (of Callender's Minst.)(2)
Emmet, M. (music)
Eldridge, P. W.
Ehleder, Geo.
Foster, Wm. (manager)
Foster, L. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Frost, Hyatt
Forepaugh, J. A. (manager)
French American Circus
Fox, J. E. (of Dup & Pree. Minst.)
Falling, E. R.
Fisk, "Nat"
Franckum, G. W.
Florentine, Mons. Sc
Getchell, Sadie
German, Nellie
Hughes, Miss (of Bouclcault's Co.)
Hallett, Alta (trapezist)
Howard, Nellie
Hall, Geo. A.
Hall, Frank A.
Hall, Alfred
Hengg, Danl.
Howard, F. (of Rich. Bernard Co.)
Hart, or Jno. Ma. lone, Jno.
Hancker, H. A.
Henderson, T. S.
Hall, F. G.
Huebner, F. C. (2)
Henderson, A. (of "Xolian Quart. T.
Hogan, W. M. (leader) (2)
Hunter, G. W.
Hodges, D. Mac.
Howes & Cushing
Holmes, J. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Henry, Wm. B.
Hamilton, "Willey"
Hill, G. A.
Hart, "Tony" (of Harrigan & Hart)
Hegers, Fred. (gymnast)
Hennessey, J. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Howard, Rollin
Hine, W. J. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hall, Addison
Hall, Mills (2)
Irwin, Selden
Johnson, Wm.
Jackson, T. E. (comed.)
Kinder, E. F.
Kopp, A.
Klarach, Clarance
Knight, Fred. W.
Kelley, J. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Kane, E. M.
Kehoe, "Sim" D.
Klarud, Oscar
Lnproll, J.
Leopold or Mad. Geraldine, Geo.
Le Roy, Frank
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Leland, Matt. (2)
Leland, C. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Liston, Hudson
Logan, Chas. L.
Laine, John H.
Little, C.
Luddington, Alf.
Leach, E. B.
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Lowery, "Tom"
Long, Robt.
Lattle, F. (late (of Daly's Co.)
Lawley, J. T.
Locke, Fred.
Lawrence, T. or J.
Landers, Frank
Little, J. Z.
Lewis, Frank
Mahlen, W. H. (of Foley & Robinson's Minst.)
Mack, J. "Matt" (of Worden & Mack)
Mead, F. R.
Meredith, Eugene
Mara, Frank
Maffit, John
Mulligan, Jas. H.
Mayer, M. R.
Newton, Chas.
Niles & Evans
Noonan or Alice
Bateman, "Billy"
Norman, Geo. M. 6c.
Orrin Bros.
Owens, Jno. E.
Osborne, Harry
Osborn, Geo. F. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
O'Reardon, Prof. M
Perkins, James
Price, Ed. (of Hanlin's Co.) 3c
Price, L. F.
Pell, J. (of Pell & Lewis)
Potter, C. A.
Platt, Wm.
Plunkett, Sr., Chas.
Quilter & Goldrich
Raymond, Frank
Dutch "biz"
Rostetter, W. J.
Ralph, "Dick"
Robbins, Harr. (2)
Rose, Oakes
Russell, Jas. G.
Reese, "Johnny"
Robinson, Jr., Jno. (manager)
Ripley, Wm.
Roberts, Sir Randal
Rice, "Dan" (circus proprietor) (2)
Riley, Wm. (of Soldene's Co.)
Roome, Jas. D.
Rogers, Chas.
Roberts, Fred.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson & Minst.)
Ross, H. W.
Sautell, Prof. "Ph. & Judy" "biz")
Sprague, D. F.
Sullivan, C. S.
Shuratt, Edwin
Schumann, H.
Spriggs, Harry
Stout, H.
Sweet, J. D. (2)
Silles, John
Sivalls, Chas.
Sells Bros.
S. T. P.
Sanders, W. (of "San Fran. Min.")
Sweetnam, Wm
Simpson, Robt. P. (2)
Spann, Jno. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Searles, A. H.
Stanley, Ernest
Sprague, Z. W.
Sydney, G. S. (2)
Schueffel, Jno. B.
Tracey, D. (Irish "biz")
Thompson, Jno. ("On Hand")
Tyler, G. H.
Thatcher, G. (of Sim. & Sloc. Minst.)
Tunis, H. C.
Thomas, Erwin
Thompson, Jas. (p. o. m. Cheshire, Eng.) 6c.
Tomlinson, Harry 3c.
Vere, Geo. W.
Villa, S. B.
Williams & Sulley
Warren Wm.
Wiggins, S. F.
Wiley, L. H. (2)
Weaver, J. T.
Willett, R. P.
Wilson, Fred.
Wootten, P. B.
Williams, W. H. (of Sully & Williams)
West, F. (of West Bros.)
Wells, Chas. (actor)
Wilson, H. (of Boucicault's Co.)
Walling, "Dave"
Webb, Albert
Williams, Thos. (leader)
Wood & West (2)
Wallace & Kelly
Williams, J. "Lancashire Lad")
Morrison, Lewis (2)

THERE IS A LETTER in the Amboy (Ill.) Post-office for May Ten Brook of Healy's Hibernicity.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, June 18, '77.

We have been made inexpressibly happy by assurances in the daily press that theatrical managers were quite successful during the past season, their profits ranging all the way from ten thousand to one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Prior to this knowledge being imparted to us, we had been in deep sympathy with our friends, and mournfully regretted that their sources of revenue had been so dreadfully obstructed by adverse fortune and adverser public delinquencies. And even now, while hoping against hope, and praying that the daily press has told the truth concerning managerial successes, our heart continues to have its misgivings, and to doubt the alleged allegations of our truth-loving and law-abiding contemporaries. We have spent the whole of our spare time the past week in interviewing those money-making managers, and congratulating them upon the triumphant monetary issue of their theatrical enterprises. One gentleman was so staggered when we assured him of our distinguished consideration on the strength of the alleged addition to his wealth, that he rather discouraged us by saying that he was in no humor for trifling; and when we persisted in our congratulations, and requested to be favored with the precise figures, he annoyed and perplexed us by somewhat bouncing us down two flights of stairs. But we did not mind, as the bumps we got in the Prize-ring might observe, but came up smiling and with hands well up for another attack. We called on Manager Tidewater, credited with having placed in bank seventy six thousand dollars as his net earnings for the season, and expressed our deep sense of gratification at his success in having achieved so signally and deservedly rewarded his efforts. Then we paused to take breath. It was an unfortunate pause for us, for he called in his gang, and they—in a paroxysm of deep-seated anger at our levity and the humiliation to which their manager had been subjected—procured an old canvas-sack, and, after stuffing us gayly and tossed us away up among the flies, repeating this demoralizing act of atrocity until we sued for mercy. The average man might suppose that this ended our mission in that direction. Not so, however. We are made of sterner stuff than most interviewers are tinctured with; and, having a purpose to gain, we went right straight on. We kindly sought the presence of A. Treadway Massinger, Esq., who is figured down to a margin of three thousand dollars' profit. We expressed our utter inability to do justice to our elated feelings at this knowledge of his good fortune in such a season of general depression. "Why, you d——d fool," says he, "I made money. *I last* three thousand, and am only glad that it was not more." We ventured to assert that the whole thing resolved itself into a question of veracity between his unsupported word and that of the combined reliable press of this city; but, seeing a hurricane devil in his eye, and remembering our deplorable experience elsewhere, we did not persist in our investigations, but hurriedly got out of the window, that being the best available point of egress at that particular juncture. From all this it would seem that there is a slight discrepancy in the calculations and miscalculations of the managers and the press. Next time we interview people we shall send "Our Jim." Brother Coup, at his Aquarium, prides himself on his "Talking Figures." With all due respect for Coup, it must be admitted that Secretary Sherman's talking figures about his syndicate and the new four-per-cent. bonds are far ahead of all competition, while challenging comparison. Did you ever notice that at many of our theatres, no matter how attractive the performance may be, the audience is regularly *played out* at its finish? To the credit of the theatrical profession, it should be stated that the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents" owes its success to our friends, each dramatic temple in this time-honored city contributing five hundred dollars annually to the support of the same. We regret to see that occasionally a German manager kicks in the traces, and declines to ante up. This is suicidal. If the juveniles are to be reformed in good faith, every manager, broken German or the entire Frenchman, must aid in the good work, and deposit his little divvy. While the Church, through its missionaries, aids Wallie the heathen abroad, the Stage, through its Juvenile Delinquent Society, supports the heathen at home. Thus each has a mission to perform, and each will have its just reward. We always have trouble with "our Jim" in the tenting season. Just as sure as a six-centre-poler strikes a town, then begins open rebellion on neighboring town, then begins open rebellion on the part of the lamentable boy. He used to desire to be an angel, and with the angels stand; but now he wants to be a sideshow, and drive a four-in-hand. While rummaging over the odds and ends that help to make up the unconsidered trifles of the Jim boy's treasure-box, we came across the following pathetic piece of versification, which he had no doubt designed for an unfriendly contemporary:

THE KANDY BOOCHER—BY "O. J."

His woise is like a kross-kut sor,
He's after every sent;
As smilin' as a krokerdile
He slips around ther tent;
He doant keer nur no wortil thing,
Man, wummin, mule or child;
He chaffs with all the purty gals,
An' drives ther fellers wild;
He wares a stunnin' dimind-pin,
And mashes all the town,
Plays poker like a baptis church
An' wax up with ther klown.
I node a kandy boocher wunst—
I mene ter be wun 2;
I'me tired of bein' sockt around
A slave ter Mr. Q.
They doant appreshiate me heer;
But when I go away
Ther paper go to rooin, sure—
That's aul *I'me* got ter say.

.....Our show-people are opposed to violations of the law. Take the dog law, for instance—*you* never saw a performing dog taken up by dog-catchers for running loose in the public streets! *You* never saw a performing dog taken up for disorderly conduct, did you? Why, such a dog would scorn to be seen a-misbehavin' himself like *some* people do. The myrmidons of the law make Rome howl, but nary a yelp do they evoke from the throat of our little stage-friend.....It is true, James, that the American flag was one hundred years old on June 14, as was also Sergeant Bates, who started it, but you are wrong in your comments. Our "stellar attractions" don't drink as they used to; so your allusion to *stars and bars* won't work. While on this subject, let us state that magicians who employed *confederates* were the only ones allowed in the South during the war!.....That is a beautiful custom which prevails in California of presenting horses to deserving beneficiaries. It is far prettier than the old practice of giving gold-headed canes. If donors would enlarge their spirit of liberality, and attach an omnibus to the gift-horse, then every actor so favored could run his own stage! We are yet in our infancy in this presentation business.

..... Since that upheaval and tidal-wave of Juliets at Booth's Theatre, it is said that the insane asylums are too small to accommodate the crazy creatures who are carted thither to be cured of their mania for being theatrical stars. This is a deplorable state of affairs.....And this reference to milk-and-water concoctions reminds us of a seasick passenger, who declares that the only thing he's got to say about the ocean waves is—"*Oh, how Wavez!*" Whether this has any reference to "Waves" at Wallack's we are in no fit condition to decide; but this we *do* know, that

The public likes strong drinks, we fear,
Although it's not a crime,
So, seeing "*Waves*," it may, perchance,
Turn up its nose "*At-water*."

.....So far this year we have heard of no elephant breaking through a bridge, nor of any live lion escaping from its cage and devastating the surrounding country. This speaks well for the watchfulness and caution displayed by circus-managers.....It is said that the spelling-bee mania rages fearfully in Kentucky. "Our Jim" thinks that they get excited over a very little thing over there, for he cannot see any difficulty in spelling B, which can be done with one line, as he has shown.....Did you ever stop to think that horse-car conductors are very much like Ophelia, because they're generally *passing fare's*.....That was a funny thing about the case of the dancer Rosari against the Kiralfy Brothers, in Philadelphia. You will remember, from seeing it in THE CLIPPER, that the dancer got a verdict for $1,700. Then the Kiralfys moved for a new trial, and a hearing was had on June 13, before Judge Pierce; and blamed if he didn't deny the motion, and add $400 more to the $1,700 already recorded. There's gallantry for you!.....With this dearth of amusements, it would appear like a prize in a lottery were Ole Bull to return and give us another series of farewell concerts.....Do you ever undertake to *count* them when one hundred artists are announced to appear in an entertainment? If not, don't do it, if you would not have the illusion dispelled.....Things are very slow in the city at present, and even the free-lunch routes are doing less than is their wont. To be sure, there are many actors and managers in town; but their very presence in a vacation season serves to make the desolation more complete. A few lines

There's many a street in town that's *bleak*,
And one that's even *Bleecker*;
And so we have a Thespian *Week*,
And one that's even *Mawes*.

.....The young gentlemen who controlled the Grand Duke Theatre during the season just closed "complain bitterly" of the stagnation in business, and of the inglorious financial results of the campaign of 1876-7. They tried a little of everything, from the startling act of a performing dog walking on his own head without a balance-pole, down to a legitimate drama cast to the full strength of the company; but the public did not respond with that liberality or enthusiasm characteristic of New York theatre-goers of the past. This unfortunate state of affairs is not attributable to high rates of admission, for the management gave a ticket-holder the benefit of a reserved seat. Our young friends are naturally dismayed at the turn affairs have taken; but when we assured them that, in the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail, they braced up, and seemed to be like refined gold gilded.....It's nice to be a skeleton these warm days. I mean a *living* skeleton, like they have in all well-regulated sideshows.—ED.] And precisely as it is desirable to be a skeleton, just so is it undesirable to be a fat woman. But the most enviable position in a show just now is that of a woman-fish, or a man-fish, or a mermaid, or a merman. Nothing to do but to eat and drink, and gambol in a tank of real cool water, with no fear of small boys chucking cobble-stones or Belgian blocks in among 'em. Sacred bulls and equally pious cows have a nice time of it, too, chewing their cuds and lounging about in idleness; but we'd sooner be a woman-fish, as we have said. Once there was a girl-fish who was advertised to eat and drink and smoke and have lots of fun, while submerged, right in the presence of the assemblage. The things were passed down to her, and she appeared to be in the full enjoyment of life. She had eaten some Boston pork-and-beans, three or four ten-cent sandwiches, a whole rhubarb-pie, three quarts of cherries, and some corned-beef and cabbage, and she felt right comfortable and jolly. And here we beg to call your attention to a remarkable phenomenon—although she was *immersed in water*, you will understand, she was actually *dry!* Singular, wasn't it? So they passed along half-a-dozen bottles of soda-water, cider, and champagne. Something like! Now, wasn't it? But we never saw any girl look so demoralized as that one was while imbibing the soda, which turned out to be Epsom salts! "Our Jim" got the credit of doing it, but *we* know he didn't!.....We have been gazing with rapture on a poster announcing the opening of Niblo's Garden, limning with something of "our Jim" says resemblies what he used to make in place of his name before he learned to write, and something else which looks like a slice of pie before it had been disfigured. In reality, however, the illustration represents the Cross and the Crescent. Let us hope that, on the first salary-day, those figures may not be emblematic of the *crass* condition of the performers because they cannot get sight of the first *quarter!*....."Goes King Henry forth to-night?" This, doubtless, was the important inquiry made of George Rignold just before the latter left his room, at the New York Hotel on the 10th inst., and hied him to his ultimo. For the benefit of those in hunger some designing knave went through George's trunks and boxes, and despoiled them of money and other valuables, amounting to several thousand dollars. They say a woman did it—probably one of those who had been beguiled by his Grecian nose and winning ways. We have never, as we never yet salted down a divvy in our strong-hold but "thieves broke in and stole the gold." Evidently the female appropriator cared more for a *gold rig* than for a *Rignold*.

CITY SUMMARY.

BENJAMIN DEAN, for many years leader of the orchestra at the Bowery Theatre, is seriously ill with dropsy and a disease of the heart. Although not confined to his house, he informs us that his physicians pronounce his maladies incurable.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and the Park Theatre company closed their engagement at the Grand Opera-house June 16. During the past week Miss Aggie Weaver acted Laura Hawkins instead of Miss M. E. Gordon. The attendance fluctuated.

"EVANGELINE" continued the attraction at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, doing a good business for the season of the year.

WALL'S DRAMATIC BUREAU, 14 Union square—Harry Wall, proprietor; Maze Edwards, agent and secretary—is open for the transaction of any business of a dramatic nature. See card.

RIGNOLD SUED.—Henry Hatter, who had charge of the properties and armor used in "Henry IV" during a recent Southern tour made by George Rignold, brought a suit against him to recover a balance of $70, alleged to be due him for salary. The case was tried in the Second District Court June 14, and a judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

MISS LETTIE ALLEN and J. B. Atwater began their second engagement in this city at Wallack's Theatre June 11, which was then opened for a brief Summer season. The vehicle selected for the display of their histrionic abilities was a four-act comedy-drama, written by Major Charles G. Mayers, entitled "Waves."

HORACE WALL has just recovered from a quite severe attack of the gout, which confined him to his residence several days.

BUFFALO BILL is to commence his starring tour of 1877-8 at the Bowery Theatre. Josh Ogden, his agent, informs us that three new dramas, written expressly for Buffalo Bill, are to be produced during the engagement, and that two of his horses, which he uses while scouting, will be seen for the first time on the stage in this city. Two Indian braves—Sitting Bull's son and Man-afraid-of-his-horses—are also to appear.

MISS OAKDENE is to make her metropolitan debut at the Bowery Theatre Friday night, June 22, in the character of Lady Macbeth, for the benefit of R. Dorsey Ogden, when it is expected that J. B. Studley and J. F. Wheelock will also take part in the cast.

AT TONY PASTOR'S, this week, the attractions will consist of Mme. Corelli's Parisian Statue Troupe and "Forbidden Pleasures," with Ada Richmond, Belle Norton, Grace Garland, Edna Norton, W. S. Griffith, E. B. Holmes, J. W. Mason, John Matthews, and George Atkins in the cast.

MORRIS SIMMONDS publishes a card, stating that the following managers have already booked with his agency: John McCullough, San Francisco; Mrs. Drew, Philadelphia; J. H. McVicker, Chicago; C. A. Spalding, St. Louis; Saml. Colville and Jas. E. Abbey, New York; John E. Owens, Owens' Combination; E. M. Day, Cellini Ballet Troupe; R. M. Fields and Tompkins & Hill, Boston; R. M. Hooley & Co., Chicago; Ben De Bar, St. Louis; John T. Ford, Baltimore and Washington; W. H. Lingard, Lingard Combination; Wm. Henderson, Providence; H. Greenwall, Galveston; Geo. E. Goodwin and Gemmill, Scott & Mackay, Philadelphia; Thomas A. Hall, New Orleans; R. E. J. Miles, Cincinnati; T. W. Davey, Detroit; W. E. Sinn, Brooklyn; M. W. Canning, Pittsburg; Leon H. Lempert, Rochester; George Rignold, "Henry V" Combination; C. W. Tayleure, Mrs. Chanfrau's Combination; and John Brougham and T. B. McDonough.

MISS RACHEL SANGER, a favorite with the patrons of the Gaiety, Globe, and other first-class West-end theatres in London, Eng., contemplates visiting this country professionally during the coming Fall.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS arrived in town June 17, having completed their traveling tour in Philadelphia, Pa., 16.

MABEL LEONARD on the afternoon of the 3th inst. took French leave of Clara Morris, and indirectly of the latter's husband, F. C. Harrod, who had been appointed as the child's temporary guardian. In referring to the Leonard case some weeks ago, we took occasion to remark that if any other guardian than her mother were needed, Mabel was quite able, in spite of her youth (in point of time), to choose one for herself. Miss Clara Morris seems to have now reached the same conclusion. The child's mother had visited her on the 12th, and, upon being interviewed by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, after Mabel's flight, she admitted that she knew the child's whereabouts, and that she was out of this State. The officer then applied to a Judge of the Supreme Court for an order of arrest for the child's mother and her stepfather, to answer for contempt of Court. The order was granted.

EDWARD MARBLE is engaged at the Park Theatre during E. A. Sothern's engagement next season, and subsequently he will be a member of the traveling company supporting that actor.

AT TONY PASTOR'S the newcomers the past week were David Oaks and Mark Hughes, who were seen as bones and tambo respectively in the minstrel first-part, and later in a sketch called "Blue Glass" and an act entitled "The Militia Boys' Parade;" George A. Murray, who was quite successful with his single motto-songs; Mlle. Martelle, whose vocalisms met with a fair degree of favor; and Miss Ione Lang, whose serio-comic songs were applauded. The programme also included a female minstrel first-part, during which the Misses Christine Percy, Emma Hoffman, Millie Martelle and Lou Vavasour sang ballads; the Duvalli Sisters, who were seen to much advantage in a double dance entitled "The Roses;" songs and dances by Allie Drayton; dancing by Mlle. Corsal and troupe; songs by Lou Vavasour, Emma Hoffman and Viola Clifton; and W. J. Walton as "The Musical Punch." Attendance fair.

ROBBED.—George Rignold and wife, who occupy apartments in the New York Hotel, were recently robbed of a considerable sum of money and a quantity of valuable jewelry. Among the latter were a gold medal, which had been presented to Mr. Rignold by the Central Dispensary of this city, in recognition of his services at a benefit for that institution; a set of monogram gold studs, given him by Miss Fanny Davenport; an ameythst ring and cuff buttons, presented him in San Francisco; a monogram onyx ring; a gold locket, studded with diamonds; a watch and three heavy gold chains, belonging to Mrs. Rignold, and a quartz chain.

AT THE OLYMPIA OPERA-HOUSE, this week, the newcomers will be J. J. Riley, who will be seen in a new drama; the Smith Sisters—Clara and Jennie—Lotta Webb, Cora Wills, Lillie Emerson, and Emma Granby.

BOBBY NEWCOMB, Alice Gleason, Ed. Banker and Gus Williams, Clara Tourtland, Bryant and Dailey, and the Cooper Brothers are the fresh arrivals this week at the London.

NIBLO'S GARDEN is to be opened for a season June 18 under the management of W. J. Fleming, with a romantic historical drama entitled "Cross at Constantine." A powerful company has been engaged, including Frank Mordaunt, Frank Roche, E. K. Collier, H. B. Bradley, R. C. White, Harry Colton, E. W. Marston, W. M. Ward, S. Davidson, J. Stansill, J. Walsh, G. Johnson, J. V. Dailey, J. Brown, the Misses Annie Ward Tiffany, Agnes Proctor, Marian Sockett and Mrs. H. Brown. The scenery, properties and costumes will be new. The prices will be as follows: Reserved seats in orchestra, $1; orchestra circle, 75 cents; balcony, 50 cents; general admission, 50 cents; and family circle, 30 cents. First-class attractions desiring engagements are requested to address Rose Eytinge, Sigrist and Elina Sautelle, agents.

THE MUSICAL FEATURES at Gilmore's Garden during the past week have included, besides the excellent performances of the band in classical and popular numbers, Mrs. Annie Mixsell's soprano singing, which was encored and met with critical praise; Miss Julia Rive's artistic piano performance; Signor Rinaldini's pleasing contralto vocalisms; M. Arbuckle's well-known cornet-solos; Wm. Hamilton's popular vocal renditions; and Miss Sallie Reber's clever soprano singing. A strawberry and rose exhibition on June 13 and 14 had the effect of drawing to this attractive resort larger crowds than usual. Nightly this week Gilmore will present novelties, which show novelty and variety, filled as they are with a large proportion of popular music intermixed with classic numbers, appealing to all classes of the musically inclined.

FANNY LUCILLE and Ida Ross sailed for England June 9 in the steamship Egypt.

"SMIKE," with a powerful cast, is to be acted this week at the Grand Opera-house.

R. DORSEY OGDEN is to be the stellar attraction this week at the Bowery Theatre.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN the attractions this week will include Maude Palmer, Fannie Pressler, Harry Osborne, Fred Smith, Victor Julian, Sig. Erdi and Delevanty, Mlle. Clyde, Lucy Adams and Guy Linton, the Gardners, Constantine and Le Clair, Sam Norman, Harry Thorne, and Sig. Constantine.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF and J. C. Duff sailed for England June 13 in the steamship Scythia.

E. F. Bayley & Co. vs. Jamieson, for $1,000, finally fixed for Wednesday, June 27. Among the volunteers will be John T. Raymond, Charles R. Thorne Jr., C. A. Stevenson, the Misses Kate Claxton, Lillie Eldridge and Mrs. Wilkins.

BROWN & BARNES, dramatic agents, advertise T. H. Plumer as open for engagements in either the dramatic or the variety business.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they present a certificate, with a LILAC COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the Publication Office of March 1, 1877, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent of "Camille," and Miss Lillian Conway and Frank Roberts in the balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet" were also among the volunteers. Wm. Davidge Sr. was the stellar attraction at this establishment during the rest of the week, ending June 16. "Poor Smike" will be produced June 18. Manager N. S. Wood commences an engagement June 25.

THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, was reopened June 14, for the annual benefit of Messrs. John J. Holmes and Fred Trefts, and the large attendance evidenced their well-deserved popularity. "The Wonder" and "Hunting a Turtle" constituted the programme, an additional attraction being the reappearance of Mrs. John Drew since her return from her engagement in San Francisco. In "The Wonder" Mrs. Drew effectively impersonated the role of Donna Violante, and Frank Mordaunt, Harry Hawk, Miss Hetty Tracy and Lizzie Creese rendered able assistance. Miss Annie Waite and W. H. Leake were seen to advantage in "Hunting a Turtle."

WM. GEMMILL, one of the lessees of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, sailed from that city June 14 in the steamship Illinois, on a short visit to Europe.

LOTTA, it is said, has given up the idea of going to Europe this Summer, and has determined to make Cape May, N. J., her recreating place instead.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES WALCOT of Philadelphia have lately sailed for Europe.

CARD.—DETROIT, MICH., June 14, 1877.—FRANK QUERN—*Dear Sir:* I noticed in this week's issue of THE CLIPPER a card from Miss Helen Barrett Blye, dated Detroit, stating that she was not a member of the W. H. Brent Combination, and never played with the said company. I wish to state that she played Camille at Mount Clemens, Mich. I myself was a member of the company, and played the part of Count De Varville. She refused to play any further, on account of two of the members being lately engaged at a variety theatre in Detroit. So the company closed, causing Mr. Brent a great deal of trouble. Yours truly, R. FISHER ELIOTT.

WARDE & HERBERT'S ENGLISH-COMEDY COMPANY played in the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., the past week, producing "Forbidden Fruit" June 11, 12, 13, 16 matinee, "The Deal Boatman" 14, "Alone" 15. The company is composed of the following: F. B. Warde, W. Herbert, Bart Conway, R. E. Hill, C. S. Dobson, J. Barr, Annie Edmonson, Georgie Dickson, Sidney Cowell, and Rose Leslie. They go from there to London, Ont., June 18, 19, Chatham 20, 21, St. Thomas 22, 23, Hamilton 25, 26, 27.....At the Royal Opera-house, Allan Halford had a complimentary benefit June 16. A fair house greeted him. Advices of June 16.

HENRY WARREN died recently in Cincinnati, O., aged 84 years. He is said to have been the son of William Warren, manager of the old Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. He was born in Bath, Eng., in 1793, and accompanied his parents to America in 1796. Later in life he was for many years the scenic-artist of the old Chestnut-street Theatre, under Wood & Warren and other managers. Subsequently he withdrew from that branch of art, and became a landscape-painter. He was a brother of William Warren, the popular comedian of the Boston (Mass.) Museum.

KENDALL'S COMEDY COMPANY closed their season in Galena, Ill., June 9. Their next season is to commence July 2.

CELLINI'S EUROPEAN BALLET TROUPE will produce, during the coming season, an oriental, spectacular, romantic drama, entitled "Ruby and Pearl," which is to be given with original scenic effects, and a ballet, under the direction of Sig. Tito Cellini. This ballet will include Mlle. Ida Idalie as the principal dancer, eighteen secundos and coryphees, and two Turkish Nautch girls—Haidee and Aali. Arrangements for the production of the spectacle can be made through E. Murray Day, who advertises his address.

MISS KATIE PUTNAM was the attraction the past week at the Academy of Music, St. John, N. B.

MRS. C. W. HUNT, *nee* Miss Ann J. Kerr, a highly popular actress some years ago, is now living in retirement in Forest City, Sierra County, Cal. She is now Mrs. A. J. Hammond, the wife of a wealthy mine owner.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Frayne can be addressed to Charles A. Wing, as per card.

A LADY with capital to take an interest in a traveling company, and to be the star in a new play, is wanted by L. M. Sargent, who advertises.

AT FANNY MARSH'S THEATRE, Portland, Me., two performances were given the past week—one on the 13th, for the benefit of Belle Bailey, when a large audience was present, the added attraction of such artists as Mrs. J. R. Vincent, Annie Clarke, J. A. Smith and Geo. W. Wilson, together with the personal popularity of the beneficiary, bringing about this successful result. The programme consisted of "Satan in Paris," Chas. Theodore in songs, and the farce of "Nature and Philosophy." The other was a testimonial benefit to Miss Fanny Marsh 15, when, in addition to the regular company, Miss Frank Curtis, A. K. Adams and Wm. Calder appeared. "Married Life," a musical melange (introducing Chas. Theodore and Kate Williams), a recitation by J. L. Woodson, a character sketch by the stage-manager, Hudson Liston, and the farce of "The Rough Diamond" made up the programme. A large audience was in attendance. Credit is due J. Leslie Gossin and Hudson Liston, who labored hard to make it a success. J. L. Wooderson has accepted an engagement at the Academy of Music, Montreal, for next season. Kate Williams left for Boston 16. J. Leslie Gossin and Hudson Liston depart for New York 18, and Lizzie Hardy to Pittsburg. Chas. Theodore has a benefit 20, tendered by prominent amateurs. Advices of June 16.

OLIVER W. WREN, comedian, can be engaged. See card.

WALLACE GRANT and a company are billed to perform "Remorse" in Albany, N. Y., June 21, 22, 23, then to be acted for the first times on any stage.

THE BANGS COMBINATION, supporting F. C. Bangs in the star role of Corporal Antoine in the romantic military play of "The Soldier's Trust," can be arranged with for time during the coming season. Address C. L. Graves, as per advertisement.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, Canada, George Rignold is to act this week in "Henry V." Max Strakosch is the manager; John W. Norton, stage-manager; Anthony Rieff, leader of the orchestra; Gus Bothner, treasurer; and A. S. Pennoyer, business-manager.

IN T. W. DAVEY'S CIRCUIT, embracing the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house, Dickson's Grand Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., and the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, time can now be arranged by applying to Manager Davey, as per advertisement.

MISS BESSIE CLIFTON, who plays heavy business and old women, can be engaged for next season. See advertisement.

"LEMONS" can be had for $10 each MS. copy. Sent C. O. D. with the privilege of examination in the express-office. See John F. Ryan & Co.'s card.

ROSE EYTINGE, with Lewis Morrison's dramatic company, played to good business in Grand Rapids, Mich., June 12, 13, thence to Milwaukee, Wis.

DUFF GREEN REED, a dramatist in St. Louis, Mo., last Fall promised to pay Manager De Bar of the Opera-house, in that city, a certain amount of money for the use of his theatre during the bringing-out of his play of "Kindred." The piece ran a week to poor business, and the author made no money. He now refuses to settle, stating that the bad business was owing to the careless manner in which the piece was put on the stage, and the fact that the act

JOHN WILSON, who shot Charles Thompson, watchman at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, June 9, as mentioned in our last, is still in jail, awaiting examination. It is thought that Thompson will recover.

BURR ROBBINS' SHOW is to exhibit in Bucyrus, O., June 27, Marion 28, Kenton 29, Ada 30, Lima July 2, St. Mary's 3. Mat Leland is the press-agent.

BEN MAGINLEY, the well-known equestrian director, clown and burlesque actor, who is now traveling with Barnum's Show, is thus spoken of by *The Toronto Mail* of June 9:

A TRIBUTE TO MR. BEN MAGINLEY.—Undoubtedly one of the most efficient aids of Mr. Barnum in his present great enterprise is Mr. Ben Maginley, the cultured and urbane gentleman, the genial companion, the experienced equestrian, director, and original clown. Mr. Maginley unites numerous good qualities with a thorough mastery of all the essentials of his business, and blends a kindness of heart and clearness of head with the inborn instincts of a true gentleman, something of a rarity nowadays, and an individual much to be prized when found. As an equestrian director he stands to-day the peer of any; as a clown he eschews all efforts to create a laugh at the expense of decency, and while contributing to the edification and amusement of multitudes, yet so defines his particular duties, and so sensitively construes the limits of his license, that propriety herself may forget her dignity, and laugh in unison with its witticisms. He has attained his present eminence more through the exercise of brain, the flow of wit, and an especial regard for the proper law of decorum than by free resort to vulgar subterfuge or the copious use of popular platitudes. He goes before the country with a metropolitan endorsement, such as but few gentlemen in his line of business can boast, and he personally justifies the old traditional belief that a clown to be funny need not necessarily cultivate vulgarity and appropriate obscenity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"ART" advertises an artistic production for sale.

NEW ALHAMBRA HALL, formerly Platner Hall, Council Bluffs, Iowa, has been fitted by the lessee and manager, Geo. H. Evans, with new scenery and drop-curtain, and it is stated that it has been completely changed in its interior decorations. It seats 700, and is open for first-class talent, according to the card published in this issue.

E. A. HEATH offers a stock of new and second-hand band-uniforms for sale. See prices, etc., in card elsewhere.

WHITNEY'S HALL, Atlantic, Ia., which has a seating capacity of 500, and is furnished with stage, scenery, etc., can be rented by applying to F. H. Whitney, as per advertisement.

GIBBONS' HOTEL, Baltimore, Md., which is a popular resort for professionals visiting that city, is now being enlarged and undergoing extensive repairs.

A PARTNER is wanted by Louis Elliston in a show, to which he refers in his advertisement in another column.

ROOMS AND BOARD in Philadelphia, Pa., are offered at the advertised rates by P. Conklin.

HELMER'S THEATRICAL WIGS are advertised elsewhere, also the Multiform, a coiffure that can be arranged in a variety of styles.

TRAINED DOGS, GOATS, etc., are wanted by Felix Laurent, who advertises.

D. F. SULLIVAN, a young man desirous of forming a business connection with a theatrical show, advertises that he has a small capital to invest.

RICE'S STAR ALLIANCE, including Prof. Rice, mind-reader; Johnny Wretland, dancer; Eddie Wretland, Teutonian character-artist; F. Cummings, J. Middleton, M. Flint, E. Cogan, James Thompson, and the Misses Maud Rice, Rose Bradford, Rose Thompson, Olive Aldridge, and Mlle. Luigi Peimo, dancer, are performing in the interior towns of California.

SUICIDE OF A SIDESHOWMAN.—On the evening of June 11 a man entered the pawnshop of B. Meyers, in St. Louis, Mo., and asked to be shown some revolvers. After selecting one, he asked that it be loaded, which was immediately done. Under pretense of examining it more closely, and before anyone in the store had any idea of his intention, he placed the revolver to his right temple and fired, killing himself instantly. The body was taken to the Morgue, where on the next day it was identified as that of Thomas Bolus, a sideshowman and concert-singer. David Gillam, a showman, states that he met Bolus on Monday morning, when he said he was waiting for some money, preparatory to joining Bogle Brothers' Circus. Deceased was about thirty years old, a native of Canada, and resided in Chicago. It is stated that a showman named Whitney, in Hannibal, Mo., can give considerable information about the deceased. Letter dated June 15.

WIGS, whiskers, mustaches, etc., may be obtained at Schmidt & Footner's establishment, advertised in our business department.

FRANK H. TAYLOR lectured on "The Pilgrims of '76" at the Assembly Buildings, Phila., June 15.

THE PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, was better attended last week, over 7,000 visitors being recorded on the 16th inst. Master John Wise will make a series of balloon ascensions from the grounds, commencing June 19. Memorial Hall was opened for the first time on Sundays on the 17th inst.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Philadelphia, received a fair share of patronage during the past week. A handsome new building for the tropical hay-eating animals was thrown open to the public for the first time June 17.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES" continues on exhibition in West Philadelphia.

A HALF-INTEREST in an exhibition advertised by "Bonanza" as a sensation is offered for sale.

LA RUE'S MOVING-FIGURE SHOW closed a season of six months at Chester, Pa., June 16.

AMATEUR.

THE ELEVENTH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, was reopened June 16, the drama of "The Dutch Recruit," with Will. D. Saphar in the leading role, being then produced.

THE ENTERPRISE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Brooklyn, N. Y., performed "Eugene Aram" 15.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LA BOITE A BIBI," a three-act farce, by MM. Duru and Choler, was first performed at the Palais Royal, Paris, Friday, May 26. A correspondent has this to say of the piece:

Who Bibi is, and what constitutes his box, is easy to tell you. The former is M. Arthur, and the latter is the wardrobe wherein Madame Henriette, the extremely pretty wife of Baron De Groslay, shuts up M. Arthur when her husband arrives unexpectedly to surprise them in their compromising *tete a-tete*. The Baron's servants have given to M. Arthur his sobriquet of Bibi, and they also have christened the wardrobe as the box. To prevent the extraordinary incidents that occur around the said box will be a far more difficult task, but I must, I suppose, risk the chance. The Baron, although very deaf, is also very perfectly well aware that Bibi has had to pass many a trying half hour, and often more, in the smothering box. Arthur, to tell the truth, is a sad rake. His successes among the fair sex are numerous, and, besides the fair Madame Henriette, he can count at least a dozen other mistresses, among whom Mlle. Verandah ranks as No. 1. The day comes when this wild young blade finds time to abandon his gay bachelor life. He has intentions of marrying Mlle. Roquillon, the daughter of a jovial tradesman, who is very wealthy. Unfortunately, he cannot quite see to indulge to the full his taste for fast life. A father-in-law who promises, in fact, to be a model, is this M. Roquillon, and a thorough good fellow he is, when Henriette hears that her Arthur is about to abandon her, her fury knows no bounds, while Mlle. Verandah, on her side, is in an equal rage. Only the latter plots revenge. Bibi is in a terrible fix between the two exigencies of these ladies, and how to escape from it he cannot imagine. To recount all the mishaps in store for the deserving young scamp would be impossible, suffice it to say he feels called on to go see the unhappy Henriette, in order to calm her, and, as usual, the sound of the Baron's footsteps cause his timid friend to take refuge in the box. Now, Mlle. Verandah knows all about this wardrobe and its contents; so, as the Baron is paying his court to Sophie, to request him to bring her its key, which Henriette's husband does, thus unwittingly ascertaining the luckless Arthur. Once boxed up, there he is, for the night, without the slightest prospect of rescue. Henriette, at her wits' end, sends for M. Roquillon, a most worthy comes, accompanied by a locksmith called Cassegoul, to pick the lock. This latter is a droll character enough. He is in love with Mlle. Brocard, a dancer once employed him to saw the bar of a balcony that separates her apartments from those of the Baron. But the saw refused to act, and Cassegoul began to their little lock-picking operation than things become embroiled and confused to an extent that defies narration on paper. Doors and windows are flung open suddenly shut again, and all the presses, wardrobes, and sofas follow their example. We are treated to a series of the most unexpected *quiproques* until the imbroglio becomes almost incomprehensible. Henriette manages to self lost every other instant; the Baron thinks he is caught by his wife; Cassegoul swallows a potion of laudanum intended for the Baron, and finally, when all else they carry him by the balcony window to the house of Mlle. Verandah, who is giving a party; Henriette runs after them, which Arthur has returned to her senses, and which the Baron has thrust into his pocket; while poor unfortunate Arthur, on being released from the box, has to hide himself under all the articles of furniture in turn. This is the second act. One of the most comical scenes I have ever seen—and in the third all the personages meet one another at Mlle. Verandah's. Roquillon, having lost hold of his intended son-in-law, marries his daughter to a cousin of hers, after bringing some tees in his hat and getting himself threshed by his wife. In the end Henriette escapes from the most promising dilemma, and as to how the Baron makes up matters with the fair Verandah we are left in certain discreet doubt, as for Bibi, now that he has given up the idea of marrying and settling down, it is more than probable he will return to his box. The cast included Mlle. Marie Magnier as Henriette, Mlle. C. Pierre as Verandah, Mme. de Roquillon, Lucette as the Baron, Brasseure as Cassagoul, and Golvin as Arthur.

HENRY PERRY, an actor, died at Paignton, Eng., May 29, aged 35.

WILLIAM CRESWICK, the tragedian was honored with a farewell dinner at Freemason's Tavern, London, Eng., May 28, prior to his departure for Australia.

ROBERT COWIE, proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Dundee, Scotland, died May 24, aged 67.

JOSEPH H. BOURNE, actor, died at Bridgenorth, Eng., May 19, of acute bronchitis, aged 50.

FREDERICK MARSHALL opens with Miss Lydia Thompson's company at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., July 9, and sails with the troupe for America in August. Mr. Marshall will occupy the position so long filled by Lionel Brough.

THE LARGE NUMBER of strangers attracted to London during Derby week served to materially help along the various places of amusement, the attendance at nearly all the houses being considerably larger than for some time previously. No changes worthy of mention had taken place in any of the programmes.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE GARETTA TROUPE were performing in Cologne, Prussia, May 27.

ELLA WESNER, after sojourning two weeks in Paris, France, and a like period in Milan, Italy, has resumed her engagements in the English provinces. June 6 she was singing in Day's Concert Hall, Birmingham. She shortly goes to London for six or eight weeks, and will return to America in October next.

THE RING.

PROF. J. C. COLLINS, who for some years past has had charge of the Washington (D. C.) Gymnasium, contemplates giving a sparring and athletic exhibition in this city shortly, after which he will make a tour through the New England States. He will be accompanied in his travels by a well-known adept in fisticlogy. It has been a long time since the "C. I. M." united this section, and the boys will welcome him when he comes.

JIM ALLEN, well known in the East as a boxer, club-swinger and gymnasium instructor, has been residing in Elkhart, Ind., for some time past. He has a good-sized class of pupils, and is advertised to give a show at the Opera-house June 22. On that occasion Jim will set-to with Joe Cole, who fought Jack Looney near New Orleans, La., in 1876, and who is now proprietor of a prosperous confectionery store in Elkhart.

A PRIVATE SPARRING CONTEST between Johnny Donaldson of Cleveland, O., and Wm. C. Dole of New Haven, Ct., took place at Donaldson's rooms, Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., June 15. The match lasted but a half-hour, and resulted in a victory for Dole, he getting credit for fifteen clean hits to thirteen for Donaldson. The latter's right hand was so sore, however, that he could not have the full use of it.

PROF. WOODS is now located at London, Ont., where he gives instruction in the boxing art, and is, we learn, doing well. "Billy" is an adept with the gloves or without 'em, and can impart useful knowledge in that line as well as any man we know of.

JACK NEIS'S BENEFIT takes place at Harry Hill's this (Saturday) afternoon, June 23. A number of the lads who use the gloves have promised to aid him, and the wind-up will be a second meeting between Turner and clever Harry Poulson.

THE AMHERST ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION has elected the following officers for the year ensuing: President, George T. Spahr; vice-president, Pera Slat'; director, C. S. Pratt; secretary and treasurer, W. [illegible]

THE TURF.

THE JEROME PARK MEETING.

On the fifth day of the American Jockey Club Spring Meeting, Tuesday, June 12, the attendance was small and the weather threatening. The track was safe, but not fast, and the racing exciting. It commenced with a half-mile dash for two-year-olds, for a purse of $400, with an allowance of 3lb for those by untried stallions or out of untried mares. If neither the sire nor dam had ever had a winner, an allowance in weight of 5lb was made. Five youngsters came to the post, viz., McDaniel's c. f. Fawn, 102lb.; Geo. Lorillard's c. f. Louisinier, 104lb.; A. Belmont's b. c. Raviola, 107lb.; P. Lorillard's b. f. Judith, 107lb.; and Dwyer Brothers' c. c. Fury, 110lb. The two last named carried full weight. Judith was strongly backed by her owner, who backed her at even figures against the field. The followers of the McDaniels stable were sweet on Fawn, and 5 to 2 was freely taken about her. Fawn won easily by two lengths in 53sec.; Raviola, second, a length before Raviola, and the favorite a bad fourth. The second race was for a purse of $500 for all ages, one mile and a half, maiden allowances. Seven entered and ran, viz., Geo. Lorillard's b. c. Lucifer, 100lb.; Geo. L. Lorillard's b. c. Fraud, 111lb.; A. Belmont's b. c. Bertram, 112lb.; D. McDaniel's b. c. Major Barker, 97lb.; P. Lorillard's br. g. Fugitive, 115lb.; H. F. McGrath's b. g. Daligaslan, 109lb.; and C. Reed's c. g. Cardinal Wolsey, 96lb., (including 3lb. overweight). Fraud was heavily backed at 2 to 1 against him, both by his owner and by the public, 3 to 1 was laid against Fraud, 4 to 1 each against Lucifer and Cardinal Wolsey. Before the start Jardine and Foley overpowered his jockey and practically a mile each time before he could be got under control, after which the odds of 10 to 1 were currently offered against him. Daligaslan, Fugitive and Major Barker jumped off in advance of the others when the flag fell; but after they had run a furlong, Fugitive assumed a half length's lead of Fraud. Rounding the turn Fugitive and Lucifer passed Fraud, and got to Fugitive's saddle-girths at the half-mile pole. At this point Bertram, who had been pulling Hayward nearly out of the saddle, was given his head, and in a few strides he was in front. Coming to the home-stretch Bertram was going so strong that he looked all over a winner, but he sulked just as he reached the furlong-pole. Evans then rode Fugitive with a will and, cutting down his horses with apparent ease, won, with plenty to spare, in the fast time of 2:42¾; Bertram second, a length before Lucifer, Major Barker sixth, Fugitive next, and Cardinal Wolsey last. The third race was for a sweepstakes, for horses that had never won a race, all ages, $25 each, half forfeit, with $400 added; second to save his stakes, one mile. The runners were Belmont's c. c. Caracalla, 102lb.; Longstaff's b. f. Yorkshire Lass, 101lb.; Doswell's b. f. Grecian Maid, 96lb.; Dwyer Brothers' b. c. Vermont, 101lb.; McDaniel's c. c. by Oysterman Jr., 101lb.; Bowie's b. f. Sister to Catesby; and Babcock's c. c. Morphine, 101lb. Betting: 2 to 1 each against Caracalla and Vermont, 5 to 2 against Yorkshire Lass, 4 to 1 each against Grecian Maid, 5 to 1 each against Oysterman colt and Sister to Catesby, and 7 to 1 against Morphine. Yorkshire Lass and Sister to Catesby lost a good piece of ground at the start. Grecian Maid made the running, but was beaten by Caracalla and Yorkshire, the latter winning a slashing race by half a length in 1:48¾. Vermont, Morphine and Oysterman broke over the track, deluging the poor jockeys, who in their wet silken jackets looked like a lot of drowned rats. Among the turfmen present was H. Sanford, who was highly gratified at the victory of Idalia, who was bred by him.

The last day's racing at Jerome Park, which was to have taken place on Saturday, June 16, was postponed until the following Monday, on account of the rain. Besides the regular day's programme of sport, there was a match for $5,000, half forfeit, between P. Lorillard's three-year-old gelding Basil, and Ed. Clabaugh's three-year-old filly Overbrook, one mile and a quarter. It was a dead race on the programme, and it was won by Basil in 2:12½. The purse of $500 for three-year-olds which had not won a race this year; one mile, was captured by the Rattan colt, Cardinal Wolsey second. Time, 1:47½. The third race was for a purse of $1,000, given by James R. Keene, for all ages, weights to carry. Cup-to-carry 5lb extra; two miles and a half. Tom Ochiltree came in first, Athlete second. Time, 4:36½. The Consolation Purse, $500, for horses which had run and not won any race at this meeting, three-quarters of a mile—was won by Mary, Rhadamanthus second. Time, 1:17½. The Free Handicap Sweepstakes, of $25 each, if not declared, with a $500 added, for three-year-old horse to receive $125 out of the stakes—one mile and an eighth—was the next race, and Chiquita was the winner, with Fiddlestick second to get $300. The last race of the meeting in order to a handicap steeplechase—purse $700, of which $100 to the second horse, entrance free, about two and a half miles. This was won by Deadhead in 4:15, Resolute second, Walter, the favorite, fell.

COLUMBUS, O., JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

commenced June 12 on the State Fair Course. In consequence of the rain, which fell uninterruptedly, the attendance was light and the track heavy and holding. The opening race of the day was the Trial Purse of $250, for all ages—$50 to the second horse; mile dash—which brought out the large field of fourteen starters. It was won by Mr. Keene's br. c. Amanda Wood, beating Culver's b. g. Charley Gorham (second), Sanders' b. g. Bill Saunders (third), b. g. Jack Harkaway, c. g. Lapland, b. c. Patriot, c. f. Nina Dubuisa, c. g. Kilburn, c. m. Alice Ward, b. c. Scrivings, General Hayes, All-right, Alborac, and Minnie Moore. Time, 1:46½. This was followed by a sweepstakes of $20 each, play or pay, with $200 added, for three-year-olds. $50 to second horse; one mile. Eight out of the eighteen horses entered came to the post: Lancaster Brothers' b. c. Longbow, a son of Longfellow, beating the favorite, Edinburg (second), Commodore Parisot, Keno, Edwin A., and Enlight. Time, 2:41½. The Jockey Club Purse of $250, $50 to the second, mile heats, was won by W. B. Withers' b. g. Sam Curtis in three heats, beating Lady Mack (who won the second heat and money), Magpie Shields and Elemi, the two last-named distanced. On the second day there was a large increased attendance, the weather being pleasant. The Club Purse of $150, with $50 for second horse, dash of one mile and a half, was won by L. A. Hitchcock's c. c. Glasgow, beating Russ Butler by a neck, in the fast time of 2:39½. The winner was the favorite in the pools. The Club Purse of $250, mile heats, had six runners, Charley Graham winning in three heats, beating Arthur T. (second) and Kilburn the second heat in 1:45¾, with Graham second, and Lapham and Gen. Hayes distanced; and Kilburn the third heat and the race in 1:54, Charley Graham taking second money. The principal event of the day, the race for the Ladies' Stakes, for three-year-old colts and fillies, had seventeen entries, seven paying the entrance fee of $20 each, play or pay, with $200 added, $50 to second, dash of three-quarters of a mile. It was won by Adams' b. f. Stella by Hunter's Lexington; Edwards & Co.'s c. c. Enlight by Enquirer finishing second, Stella third. On Thursday, June 14, the third day of the meeting, the first race—a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, for a purse of $150, $50 for second horse—was won by Ward & Grady's c. c. Enlight in the fast time of 1:16¼. Bill Saunders capturing second money, the favorites, Amanda Warren and Edinburg, nowhere. The mile-heat purse of $300, best three in five, was won by Withers' b. g. Bill Dillon in three heats; time, 1:48½, 1:45¾, 1:46¾. The two-mile dash, for a purse of $250, $50 to second horse, was won by Lancaster's b. c. Longbow, beating the favorite, Glasgow, in 3:43. On the fourth and last day, Sunlight won the Club Purse of $150, for all ages, mile and quarter dash, in 2:14¼, Lady Mac second. Verdigris won the Columbus Cup, for all ages, $20 entrance, play or pay, with $300 added, two miles and a quarter; Russ Butler second; time, 4:06½. On the last day of the race and meeting, the Club Purse of $200, for beaten horses, mile heats, was won by Lapland; time, 1:46¾, 1:49.

TROTTING AT BEACON PARK.

The June meeting on this Boston, Mass., track commenced June 12, with fine weather and a large attendance. The first race was for a purse of $800, divided, for horses of the 2:22 class, and was won by g. g. Conner in five heats, beating John H. (second money), Hannah D. (third money), Commonwealth, May Bird and Amy, the latter distanced in the first heat. John H. won the fourth heat; Hannah D. the third, the winner taking the first, second and fifth heats. Time, 2:23, 2:26, 2:22¾, 2:24½, 2:24. The purse of $800, for horses of the 2:30 class, was won by br. s. Voltaire, beating br. g. Powers (second money), b. g. Pratt (third money), b. m. Wildlily, b. m. Vivandiere, b. s. Chestnut Hill, s. m. Oshlega Belle and g. g. George C. Hall. The two last-named horses were distanced in the first heat, and Chestnut Hill and Vivandiere in the third. Powers won the first and third heats, and Voltaire the second, fourth and fifth. Time, 2:24½, 2:25¾, 2:24, 2:24, 2:24.

On the second day the purse of $800, divided, for horses of the 2:27 class, was won by b. g. Joe Bigley in five heats, beating c. m. Lady Foxey, br. g. Bateman, br. s. Bob Hamill, s. m. Flora Bell, and br. g. Big Fellow; the latter distanced in the first heat. Lady Foxey won the first heat and second money, and Bateman the third heat and third money. Time, 2:26¾, 2:28¾, 2:29, 2:27½, 2:29¼. The purse of $800, divided, for 2.31 horses, was won by c. m. Clara J. after trotting six heats, and beating b. m. Lotta, b. s. Commodore Perry, br. g. Hiram Woodruff, g. m. Lady Daggett, r. m. Delightful, b. g. Sam Curtis, b. g. Langdon, c. g. Ed. Chapin, and c. g. Charley. Time, 2:31, 2:28, 2:29¾, 2:29¼, 2:28¾, 2:28¾. Lotta was the first to be beaten in the second money, and Commodore Perry the fourth heat and third money. Sam Curtis and Langdon were distanced in the last heat.

On the third day, June 14, the purse of $800, divided, for horses of the 2:29 class, was won by s. m. Martha Washington in three straight heats, beating Driver (second), Banquo, Lady Killdeer, George A. Ayer, and Nira Bell, the two last-named horses distanced in the first heat. Banquo and Lady Killdeer in the third heat; time, 2:24½, 2:22¾, 2:23¼. The purse of $800, divided, for 2.34 class, was won, after an exciting contest of five heats, by Highland Gray, beating Fearnaught Jr. (who won the first two heats and second money), Queen of Hearts, Belle Wilkes, Carrie Allen, Falcon and Annie E., the last-named distanced in the first heat, and Falcon in the fourth heat. Time, 2:28, 2:26, 2:29¾, 2:30¾, 2:32. On Friday, June 16, the last day of the meeting, the $800 purse, divided, for horses of the 2:24 class, was won by the r. g. Honest Harry in three straight heats, beating Ned Wallace (second money), Phil Sheridan (third), T. A. (fourth), Little Mary and Charley Mac; time, 2:28¾, 2:26, 2:25¾. The purse of $800, divided, for 2:38 horses, was won by the br. g. Powers in three heats, beating Arthur T. (second money), John McDougall (third money), Belle of Worcester, Iron Age, and Frank A. Time, 2:30¾, 2:29¼, 2:27

THE HUDSON (N. Y.) DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION trotting meeting was continued June 11, it being the third day. The first race, for horses of the 2:40 class, for a purse of $300, divided, was won by J. Somerindyke's b. g. William T. Allen, Newton taking second money and Delilah third. Time, 2:38½, 2:35½, 2:38. The purse of $400, for horses that had never beaten 2:28, was won by G. H. Alley in five heats, beating Columbia Chief (second money) and Clover (third money). Time, 2:33, 2:33, 2:32½, 2:33, 2:33¾.

RACING AT ASCOT, ENG.

The annual race meeting at Ascot, Eng., was held during the past week, commencing on June 12. The following particulars are given by cable dispatches:

FIRST DAY, JUNE 12.

The attendance was very large and brilliant, the show of coaches excelling all previous shows. The royal procession up the New Mile was very fine, both the Prince and Princess of Wales, with General Grant, being present, and occupying the royal stand. General Grant was loudly cheered on his arrival, and after a short rest accompanied the Prince of Wales to the paddock to see the horses saddled for the Prince of Wales' Stakes. Great attention was paid to General Grant, who seemed to be well pleased with the racing and its surroundings.

The first of the important events on the cards was the race for her majesty's Gold Vase, a dash of two miles, for all ages, which brought out a field of seven starters, of which Rosebery, the winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Handicaps last Autumn, was the favorite, as now as 5 to 2 being accepted against him. Lord Falmouth's Kirkjack, at 3 to 1, was third, only by three lengths, with the three-year old colt Rhidorroch, at 10 to 1 against him, third. The race was a capital one, the success of Lord Falmouth's colors producing great enthusiasm.

The sixteenth renewal of the Prince of Wales' Stakes, a dash of a mile and five furlongs, for three-year olds, brought out seven starters, with Mitchell Inness' dark Derby horse Glen Arthur the favorite, 7 to 4 being laid against him after the numbers had been hoisted. He won by half a length, a neck only separating Fugitive, second, and Sleipnir, at 15 to 1, third. Lord Hartington's Bellphebe was second favorite, but she failed to get a place. The other starters were Hadrian, Sheldrake and Good Templar.

The handicap race of the day was the thirty ninth renewal of the Ascot Stakes, which brought out only a field of nine—and that of what is even money. The favorite, Sir G. Chetwynd's Chypre, was again in luck, at the odds of 4 to 1 against him, winning by half a length, with W. S. Crawford's Bulla 6 lengths in front of Moore's Loaf, second, and H. Saville's Fleet Spring, at 8 to 1, third.

The two-year old race of the day was the twentieth Ascot Biennial, and was for the Triennial Produce Stakes, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Houldsworth's colt Tolmess, who won by eight lengths, with R. N. Bates' Seraglier second, the Duke of Hamilton's colt Tommy third, and Mr. Cornwall's Rabagas I. last. The latest betting on the course was even on Coltness, 75 to 40 against Seraglier, 20 to 1 against Wild Tommy, and 6 to 1 against Rabagas II.

The race for the Ascot Plate brought out a field of eight horses, of which Lord Hartington's filly Rylstone proved herself the best. Alexander Baltazzi's colt John Day secured second place, and the Duke of Westminster's colt Dalham third. The latest betting on the course was 10 to 1 against Rylstone, 4 to 1 against John Day, and 20 to 1 against Dalham.

AT WASHINGTON, D. C., the June meeting of the Driving Park Association commenced June 12 on the Benning's Station Course. The first race was for a purse of $250, for horses that had never beaten 2:50, and was won by C. Green's b. m. Juno in three straight heats, beating Elk Edge (second money), Frank A. (third), Lady Alma and Anne Arundel Maid; Time, 2:50, 2:45¾, 2:48¾. The $250 purse, for horses of the 2:35 class, was won by Whitney's b. g. Red Buckley in three heats, beating Jersey Boy (second), Mount Holly (third), and General Arthur. Time, 2:39, 2:41¾, 2:41 On the second day Parry's bk m. Maud won the $250 purse, for horses of the 2:40 class, beating Mount Holly (second), Frank A. and Anne Arundel Maid. Time, 2:44¾, 2:44, 2:44¾. On the third day Green's b. m. Juno won the purse of $250, for horses of the 2:30 class, beating Mount Holly (second), Frank A (third), and Lady Alma. Time, 2:40, 2:42¾, 2:43¾. On the last day (Friday) the first race was for a purse of $1,000, for all ages, with $200 to second horse, to be beat Goldsmith Maid's time of 2:18¾, made on this same track last Fall, with $500 additional if she beat the Maid's best record of 2:14. Lula failed to accomplish either feat. Her first heat was trotted in 2:20, the second heat in 2:26 and the third in 2:21¾. The second race was for a special purse of $300, between Mount Holly to wagon and Frank A. in harness. After a close and exciting contest of five heats Mount Holly won, Frank A. capturing the second and third heats. Time, 2:43, 2:44¾, 2:46, 2:47¾, 2:47.

AT NARRAGANSETT PARK, Providence, R. I., the June trotting meeting commenced June 12. F. J. Nodine of Brooklyn, N. Y., won the purse of $150, for three-minute horses, with b. m. Volunteer Maid, after trotting five heats, and beating Pomanda (who won the second and third heats), Lady Balch (third money), Maggie D. Dandy and Jim Fisher, the latter distanced. Time, 2:41, 2:43, 2:43½, 2:42, 2:38¼, 2:37½. The $200 purse, for 2:40 horses, was won by Nodine's c. m. Fanny Miller in three straight heats, beating Bruner (second), Mount Holly, Stevens (third), Flora Brett, John Morrill, Harry White, Lord and Sarah Gould. Time, 2:34, 2:34, 2:36½. On the second day, June 13, the winner was largely backed over his previous day of the meeting. Traffic by the railways was immense. All the routes to Ascot Heath were crowded with pedestrians, and Clark kept in touch with things and the Four-in-hand Club has never been surpassed.

The race for the St. James's Palace Stakes, a dash of one mile, brought out four horses, and was won by Mr. Bird's Covenanter, with Mr. Naylor's Sidonia second, and Lord Falmouth's King Clovis third.

The fortnight new Biennial Stakes, also a one-mile dash, was contested by three horses, and the favorite, Isonomy's Springfield, with 12 to 1 laid against him at the start, proved the winning horse. Mr. Mackenzie's Rob Roy, the favorite at 2 to 1, was the second place. Lord Calthorpe's Monachus, with 20 to 1 against him, finished last.

The race for the New Stakes, a dash of five furlongs and 136 yards, for two year-olds, brought out the remarkable field of eleven youngsters. The winner was Lord Rosebery's Bellicent, who started with 20 to 1 against her. Mr. Gerard's Palm Leaf, with 30 to 1 against him, was the second. Pole Star and Hawthorn ran a dead-heat for the third place. Stratfiedsett and La Belle Helene, who were the favorites at 5 to 4 apiece, failed to obtain a place.

The race for the Gold Cup resulted in a victory for Lord Dupplin's Petrarch, the favorite just before the start at 11 to 10, Lord Falmouth's Skylark, with 3 to 2 against him, being in the second place. Mr. Acton's Sugarman, to Messrs. Carr & Co. for $800. The prices realized were fair, the average being $525 each. Of the four yearlings belonging to Mr. Glasgow, the dam Irene, by Lexington, realized $875. Mr. Pierre Lorillard being the purchaser. A c. c. by Alarm out of Irene was secured by Mr. Geo. Lorillard for $1,000, and one by Enquirer out of Inverness b. m. by Mr. J. S. Hart for $400. The average price was $540. Of the two-year-olds sold, Peter Walden gave $500 for a colt by Gilroy, dam Irene, Mr. Meeker $475 for a colt by Warfield, and Mr. Allows $405 for a colt by Melbourne Jr. out of Limestone's dam.

TROTTING AT WEST-SIDE PARK, N. J.—During the past week there were several trots over the above track. On Wednesday, June 13, a match was trotted for $200, in three in five, in harness, between P. Manee's g. g. Moscow and E. Howard's br. m. Lady Emma, was won by the former in straight heats; time, 2:46¾, 2:46¾, 2:34½. A sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, three in five, in harness, between Swick's s. m. Fanny H., Pawling's b. g. Jim Bell and Davidson's g. g. Charley Gorham, was won in three heats by Fanny H. Jim Moffett second in every heat; time, 2:48¾, 2:47¼, 2:46¾. On Friday, June 15, a purse of $150, for horses that had never beaten 2:50, was trotted for, three of the eight starters coming out to the post. It was won by Yerrence's b. m. Belle Aberdeen, after trotting four heats, beating Lady Thorn jr. (who won the first heat), Flirting, Time, 2:53, 2:58, 2:54, 2:57. A sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, three in five, in harness, was won by W. Thom's g. g. Maurice Daly in three heats, beating Dick Croker and Fanny H. Time, 2:42, 2:40, 2:42.

AT THE BROOKLYN DRIVING PARK the trotting meeting was brought to a close June 11 after repeated postponements in consequence of unfavorable weather. The opening race was for a purse of $250, for horses that had never beaten 2:38, divided into $125, $60, $40, and $25, for which only four came to the post, viz., Mollie Gates, Jim Mc-Grace, Walker's bk. g. Whisper (formerly First of May), Creamer's g. g. Harry Miller, and Wright's b. g. Jersey John. The latter was distanced in the first heat, won by Whisper after a hot race with Grace by a short head in 2:39½. Grace took the next three heats and the race in 2:41¾, 2:42¾, 2:42½. The last race was for a purse of $250, for horses that had never beaten 2:30, mile heats, best three in five, which resulted in a victory for Mr. Mackenzie's Rob Roy, who beat Lord Rosebery's Touchet by three-quarters of a length. General Pearson's Chevron finished third.

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